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MARCH 16, 1973

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

Keith Mano Attends Norman Mailer's Birthday Party

The End of the Cold War?
Brian Crozier

Also, The End of the Line in Chile

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PETER DERIABIN

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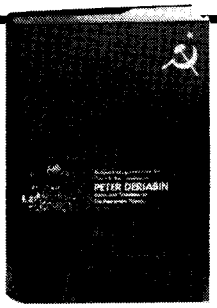

Communist power comes from the barrel of a gun. Once gained, it is maintained by a corps of ruthless men called, politely, bodyguards. More often than not, butchery is their business.

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But now one has. Peter Deriabin, called by *Life* Magazine "the most valuable Soviet agent ever to escape to the West—and talk," rips away the veil and exposes the strongmen who have shielded Lenin, Stalin and the other Communist dictators. Himself a former major in Soviet intelligence and a bodyguard of Stalin's, Mr. Deriabin speaks with the authority of one who was *there,* on the inside. He paints a picture of organized terror:

- ✔ NKVD chief Yezhov celebrates his promotion—with a bloodbath.
- ✔ Lenin's wife, Krupskaya, sips coffee before giving an anti-Stalin speech. She never gives it. Cause of death—"natural."
- ✔ Folksy Khrushchev plays Stalin's butcher.
- ✔ Stalin finds Hitler a man after his own heart.
- ✔ 10,000 Polish officers are massacred: in the best tradition of Ivan the Terrible.
- ✔ Revealed: how Khrushchev was overthrown.
- ✔ Stalin's wife criticizes him before his cronies. She is found the next *morning*—a "suicide."

The list goes on and on.

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- The ruler who at eight tossed small animals to death from Kremlin rooftops, at 16 used animals to tear men apart.
- FDR cozies up to Stalin—who smiles and counts the spoils.
- Dzerzhinsky, Lenin's hatchetman: "Do not think I am on the lookout for forms of revolutionary justice. We have no need of justice now."
- How Ivan the Terrible and Peter the Great influenced Stalin.
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Letters

Van den Haag on Inequality

Ernest van den Haag's "The Tortured Search for the Cause of Inequality" [Feb. 16] is excellent. Or, to steal Mr. van den Haag's praise of Christopher Jencks, the article is "thorough, competent, lively, brilliantly argued, and lucidly written."

It is good to see Mr. van den Haag in NATIONAL REVIEW once again.

South Harwich, Mass. FRANCES CHAPIN

Having read Ernest van den Haag's article on Christopher Jencks, I am reminded of an old psychiatry joke: A psychotic (egalitarian, in this little morality story) says, "All people are equal, and I'll fight anyone who says I'm wrong." A neurotic (Jencks) says, "People aren't equal, and I just can't stand it."

Studio City, Calif. STEVEN SAILER

I must admit to being a bit put off by Ernest van den Haag's constantly reminding us of his infallible prescience and heretical courage. Nevertheless, as the evidence mounts I am left with the feeling that van den Haag is probably right.

Certainly Jencks and followers can't lightly dismiss van den Haag's analysis of "gapology," "luck," and the absence, under equality, of a mechanism to induce and ration scarce skills. Nor can they pretend to have established either a moral or a practical argument for divorcing rewards from effort and ability.

How will van den Haag's targets deal with this challenge? The same way they have before—by ignoring it. Under the circumstances, van den Haag's constant assertiveness is quite understandable.

San Jose, Calif. RICHARD W. BENNETT

Quibbles

Kindly inform D. Keith Mano that "Uncle Isaac the Hassidim" is plural, manifestly impossible; try Uncle Isaac the *Hassid*, you'll like him. Otherwise, brother Mano's piece on the "Krishna Kids" [Feb. 16] is splendid, another winnerim in his Gimlet Eyeim columnim.

Boston, Mass. DAVID BRUDNOY

As a former national badminton champion, I must comment on William Rickenbacker's statement, "Economics . . . is probably no more deleterious than badminton" ["Land of the Free," Jan. 5]. With all due respect to my colleagues in economics, I say badminton is most certainly an improvement on economics. In fact, it is an improvement on almost everything, perhaps even mathematics.

R. STANTON HALES
Assistant Professor of Mathematics
Claremont, Calif. Pomona College

WFB v. Chart 26320

Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s piece "On Being Rescued by the Coast Guard" [Feb. 16] was hilarious and, even though one knew everything turned out all right in the end, spine-tinglingly suspenseful. Mr. Buckley seems to have incredibly bad luck with his vacations; at least he has the satisfaction of being able to turn his disasters into delicious narratives. Bravo for WFB, and a Bronx cheer for Chart 26320.

Whittier, Calif. HELEN MUNT

I can't agree with Mr. Buckley more.

Cos Cob, Conn. ALBERT S. CROCKETT

Never did I expect to hear Bill Buckley and Ralph Nader spouting through the same horn! Buckley has taken the all-too-prevalent cry of "somebody do something" or "there ought to be a law" when chance or his own action or inaction caused him some unpleasantness and the possibility of bodily harm.

It seems that he would have us saddled with more bureaucracy by having someone license and oversee all the boat works and repairs made on boats.

Then he complains about the cost of boat repair. Who is going to pay for all this inspection and regulation except the taxpayers and boat owners?

Cottondale, Fla. C. F. WELCH

No Horatio Hornblower, he.

Williamsport, Pa. KATE FERRIS

Guernica

I found Jeffrey Hart's "The Great Guernica Fraud" [Jan. 5] provocative but somewhat disturbing. What bothered me most was his failure to inform his readers of the identity of Luis Bolín and of the role that he played in the Spanish Civil War. Did he perhaps think that such a disclo-

(Continues on page 290)

NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 50 Emmett St., Bristol, Conn. Second-class postage paid at Bristol, Conn. © National Review, Inc. 1973. Washington Bureau and Book Editor: George F. Will, 6683 32nd Place N.W., Washington, D.C. 20015.

Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

Address all subscription mail, orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Manager, NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

RATES: *$22.00 a year ($12.00 for the 44-page issues, and $10.00 for 8-page issues published on the alternate weeks). In all cases, add $1.00 for Canada, $2.00 for other foreign subscriptions.*

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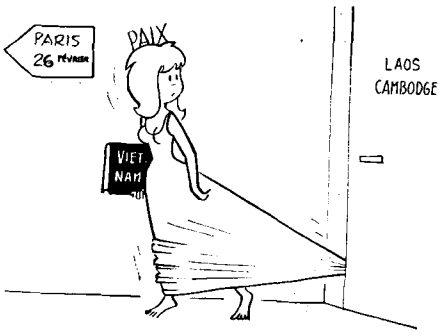
FOR THE RECORD

■ Day after **Richard Nixon** got very warm reception there, Democrats' National Chairman **Robert Strauss** showed up at AFL-CIO Executive Council meeting in Bal Harbour, Fla. On the menu: Cold shoulder. **George Meany** growled that Strauss' party is still a "shambles"; said Strauss wouldn't be asked to address Council or very clout-ful Committee on Political Education (COPE). . . . Looking toward 1974: **Barry Goldwater** will probably run for re-election after all (he'd earlier let it be rumored he wouldn't). . . . Democrats hope to pick up Colorado Sen. **Peter Dominick**'s seat. . . . South Dakota Republicans think **George McGovern** can be beaten; are looking for strong candidate, plenty of early seed money to build an effective organization. . . . Though 67 per cent of American adults may favor Gov. **Nelson Rockefeller**'s life-term-for-pushers idea, Kent State U. President **Glenn A. Olds** goes him one better, says those who hook people on drugs "should be shot."

■ Yale Law Prof. **Alexander M. Bickel** will represent **AFTRA** in its appeal of landmark *Buckley* decision that news commentators mustn't be forced to join union. Buckley will be represented by **C. Dickerman Williams**. . . . Poor **George Romney** revisited **Lou Gordon**'s Detroit TV interview show, where he made disastrous "brainwashing" comment back in '68. Gordon: "You're still an idealist, aren't you?" Romney said yes, then: "Lou, you haven't changed either. You throw all the dirt you can . . . and all of the mosquitoes and everything, and then you expect a fellow to sit here and answer all of it in two or three minutes, and it's just impossible." Whereupon he threw his mike on the floor and walked out. *Mosquitoes*? . . . Former *NR* staffer **Neal B. Freeman** promoted to post of Editor at King Features Syndicate, with vice presidency expected to come soon. . . .



Padry, *Le Herisson*, Paris — Ben Roth

Columnist **Nick Thimmesch** notes "evenhanded performance," "first-rate record" of **Dean Burch** on FCC. Says Burch: "Being conservative means you will be fair." . . . At Australian TV awards ceremony, actor **Glenn Ford** declined to shake hands with Minister for the Media, on grounds that "I don't like what your government is saying about my government."

■ After abortion, what? **N.Y. State Medical Society** has adopted new policy that accords "the right to die with dignity" to terminally ill patients. . . . Bill introduced in Oregon State Senate would permit **euthanasia** on request for incurably ill; they could also request it in advance, before onset of any illness. . . . Dr. **Warren Briggs**, San Francisco Methodist cleric, says clinics must be set up to guarantee the right "to commit suicide in dignity." Such clinics would help the would-be suicide "prepare his family and friends, and help him select a painless and dignified way to die"—but only after thorough discussion leaves him convinced suicide "would be the most loving and constructive thing which he could do."

■ Over in Italy, **Loris Fortuna**, initiator of the divorce bill that finally made it through, has introduced liberalized abortion law in parliament, which would allow abortion when birth is "a threat to the mother's physical and mental health.". . . Prime Minister **Mujibur Rahman** of Bangladesh says his country and Pakistan should exchange unwanted residents; adds that if Pakistan doesn't want to trade, he'll expel 300,000 Bihari (non-Bengali, non-Hindu). Should Pakistan refuse to take them, "the world community should buy an island for them." . . . The *Times* (London) relays Israeli newspaper report that Libya's Col. **Qaddafi** is the son of a Jewish woman who married a Cyrenaician desert tribesman, thus a Jew in Israeli law, which makes son of a Jewish woman a Jew. But under Moslem law faith of the father is determining factor.

■ Like ant to honey, **Ramsey Clark** tried to enter Ruchell Magee trial (hottest thing just now on left legal front), judge said forget it. . . . Clark, by the way, has founded organization to channel aid to North Vietnam; was asked by **John Lofton**, irrepressible editor of GOP National Committee's *Monday*, why he didn't help groups aiding South Vietnam. Clark said he had "not had the opportunity or occasion to know of . . . specific projects or organizations." Lofton put him onto 22-page list, including such nonentities as Salvation Army, CARE, Red Cross. . . . **Dick Gregory** says he'll end his fruit-juice fast (over two years so far) soon as all POWs are home. Would he do it over? "I wouldn't give up eating again if they were fighting in my living room." . . . Over on other side of the swamp, Minutemen founder **Robert Bolivar DePugh** paroled halfway through an eleven-year prison sentence for illegal possession of firearms.

■ Washington agog! Seems a federal job perished along with HST, LBJ: $35,000-a-year post of "Senate Liaison with Former Presidents." Last occupant was Gen. **Robert L. Schulz,** once Ike's pilot.

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IN THIS ISSUE . . .

. . . **Brian Crozier** lays waste the notion that the cold war is at an end, and shows that the West had better get busy. Under the rubric of "peaceful coexistence"—which means one thing in Washington, a vastly different thing in Moscow—the worldwide Communist revolution will proceed—here by guerrilla warfare, there by conventional warfare, elsewhere by subversion, some places behind a democratic façade. Mr. Crozier, an eminent historian and student of Communist strategy, urges that the free countries get together to exchange information and assistance. . . . Speaking of which, Ho Chi Minh's revolution along the Mekong is by no means over. **James Burnham** speculates on what the North Vietnamese will now do to further it. . . . And in Chile, the revolution may have to drop its democratic mask. By the time this issue reaches our readers, elections there will be over. Whether Salvador Allende wins or loses, says our correspondent **Nena Ossa**, they may be the last free elections for many years. . . . Two young writers make their first appearance in NATIONAL REVIEW this issue. **Michael Grant**, born and raised in Berkeley, reports on the dismal failure of the integrationist ideal there; and **S. R. Turner**, born in America, raised in India, and now back here, detects the first signs of improvement in Indian-American relations since the Bangladesh war.

—CHS

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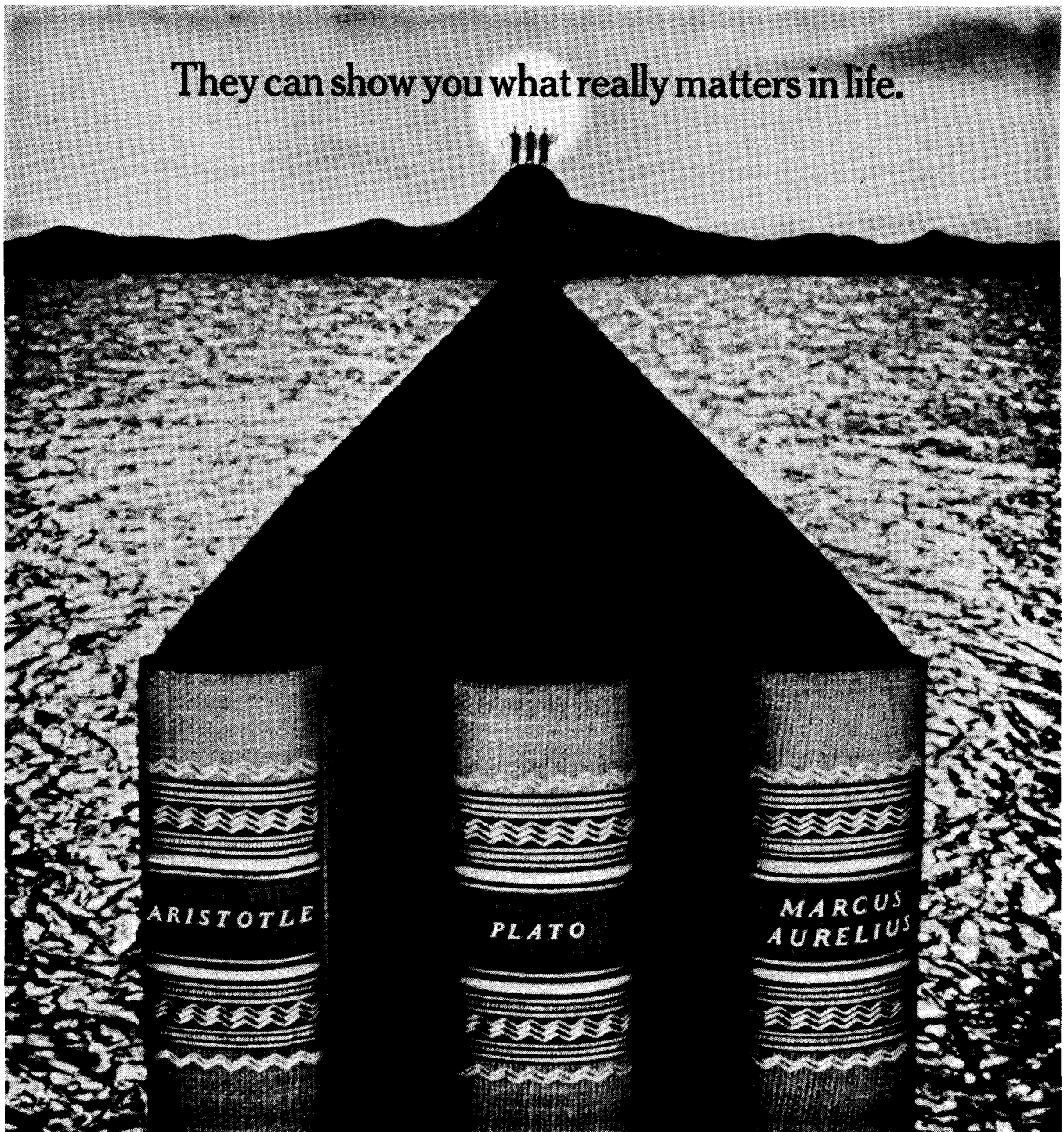

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(Continued from page 286)

sure would have led people to have certain reservations about Bolín's findings?

This is part of a tendency which I notice in conservatives in general and in your magazine in particular, viz. ignoring or rationalizing tyranny in Western Europe just because it exists on a larger scale in the East. It makes me think that Albert Camus's response to Gabriel Marcel's criticism of *L'Etat de siège* (specifically of its having been laid in Spain) contains a thought that is worth repeating today: "Anti-Communism, whatever reasons there may be for embracing it (and I know some good ones), will never gain acceptance among us if it forgets the injustice that is going on with the complicity of our governments.

Kalamazoo, Mich. ROBERT W. FELKEL

LBJ, R I P

You concluded "Lyndon B. Johnson, R I P" ["The Week," Feb. 16] with a very fine thought from Edmund Burke. May I suggest an epitaph for LBJ taken from a source closer to home, the Declaration of Independence? "He has erected a Multitude of new Offices, and sent hither Swarms of Officers to harass our People, and eat out their Substance."

Philadelphia, Pa. PAUL J. DEEGAN

While not disputing the historical accuracy of your description of Lyndon B. Johnson and his tenure in American politics, I am amazed and chagrined that my favorite magazine would see fit to print such a diatribe in the context of an obituary.

I did not expect a panegyric in this instance, and indeed would have been equally dismayed had you run one, but it does seem infra dig to indulge in this sort of exercise.

Perhaps honesty is not always the best policy. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*—at least while the body is still warm.

ROBERT E. GOYETTE

Rolling Hills Estates, Calif.

POWs

I was very pleased by your editorial "We Are Profoundly Grateful . . ." [March 2]. Because I live in the Pacific time zone, I was able to sit up late and watch the POW arrival in its entirety, something denied you Easterners.

Let me say Capt. Jeremiah Denton's short speech was one of life's great thrills. But I have an addendum to the story: On the Cronkite news of February 12, Walter opened cold with Denton on the ramp, at the mike, and then had him speak his opening thanks and his patriotic and emotional close, "God bless America."

What Walter snipped out was that second sentence, which your editorial quoted, in which Denton thanked "our commander in chief" and the American people.

Later in the program there was a repeat

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of the "God bless America" phrase, but the reference to Nixon and the people ended up on Cronkite's cutting-room floor. He must have saved all of five seconds in denying this sentence to the country's largest TV audience.

You Easterners miss a lot. And most Americans missed half of a great patriotic speech.

San Francisco, Calif. LARRY COTT

Your intelligent handling of Hanoi's treatment of U.S. POWs was exceptional and in the national interest. This has been a most sensitive situation which, let us all hope, will soon be ended.

May I respectfully suggest you turn your attention now to the thousands of Cuban political prisoners in farm concentration camps and prisons? Most of these men and women are the forgotten residue of the Bay of Pigs, which is our shameful responsibility, thanks to President Kennedy.

New York, N.Y. JAMES K. COGSWELL

Honorable Refusal?

Your comments on Air Force Captain Michael Heck's refusal to fly further bombing missions over North Vietnam ["The Week," Feb. 2] ignore one important fact. Every officer at the time of his commissioning solemnly swears to obey the orders of the President of the United States. There is no escape clause, expressed or implied, providing for selective obedience to orders. The only time an officer is justified in refusing to obey an order is when that order is patently illegal or immoral. This does not seem to be the case in this situation. The decision as to whether the damage inflicted on Hanoi and Haiphong "outweighed any possible goal to be achieved" was not Captain Heck's to make.

I am virtually certain that Captain Heck would have been removed from flight status if he had made his feelings about the bombing known. If he felt that he could not take *any* further part in the war, he could have requested reassignment, or resigned his commission without giving interviews to the press and embarrassing his Service and the President.

Admittedly he showed moral courage in making a decision that could land him in jail. But I fail to see how you can call it "honorable" when it entails violation of his commissioning oath and direct disobedience of a lawful order.

LT. MICHAEL J. O'HARA
Albany, N.Y. USMC

Bombing and Morality

Your editorial "The Bombing and Morality" ["The Week," Jan. 19] strikes me as a grave moral lapse on your part. You tell us that the moral prohibition not to kill civilians directly cannot be observed today because under modern war conditions there are no civilians, everyone is sup-

(Continues on page 326)

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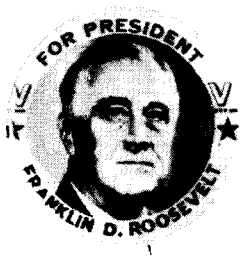

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THE WEEK

■ Television viewers who thrilled to Merrill Lynch's "bullish on America" commercial will be interested to know that it was filmed in Mexico, and that those things stampeding were steers, not bulls. Roll your own pun.

■ From the Republican newsletter *Monday*: "Type of Things Which Makes Some People Think Some of the Press Has Tendency To Oversensationalize Things Sometimes Dept.: Eight-column headline in the January 19 *Washington Star-News*, '7 Picket Agnew Reception in 1st "Counter-Inaugural" Protest.' "

■ Soon—some say this month—John Connally will formalize his switch to the Republican Party. Virginia's former Democratic Governor Mills E. Godwin will try to regain his office this year, but on the Republican and Independent tickets. Signs of the times, argues Kevin Phillips, who sees in these conversions the acceleration of the Southern phase of his "emerging Republican majority." The increasingly liberal national Democratic Party has become well-nigh unbearable to many Southerners for ideological reasons; moreover, Phillips notes, liberal procedural reforms in Congress have endangered the status of Southern committee chairmen, who, once powerful by virtue of sheer seniority, have been reduced to "helpless appendages of liberal decision-making." The Republican Party may be their only refuge.

■ Meanwhile, another tiny creature leaves the sinking ship of liberal Republicanism. Donald Riegle, the liberal Republican from Michigan, has finally acted on his threat to become a Democrat. Riegle-types are about the only converts the Democrats attract these days; which seems, come to think of it, to confirm Phillips' general thesis.

■ HEW has been ordered by a federal district judge, John H. Pratt, to compel certain schools, colleges, and school districts in 17 states to desegregate or else. Judge Pratt agreed that the Department could not cut off funds presently allocated, but ordered federal money for new projects indefinitely "deferred" until the states comply. HEW contends 1) that it does not have the manpower to enforce the order, and 2) that the Department has continually pushed desegregation "through negotiation and conciliation." HEW, having read the election returns, is expected to appeal.

■ St. Philip Berrigan has added his cheery voice to the chorus welcoming the POWs home: "One must be very much aware that these men have been destroyers." He added that, nevertheless, as a Christian he welcomed the men home. See Matt. VII: 1.

■ So far, at least two prisoners of war have denounced the antiwar movement and none has praised it. Colonel Robinson Risner, an Air Force pilot who spent seven and one-half years in a Hanoi prison camp, has said: "I feel beyond any doubt that those people kept us in prison an extra year or two, not just the people demonstrating, but the people who were downing or badmouthing our government and our policies. . . . It was evident to all of us that the Communists' spirit or morale went up and down along with the amount of demonstrations, protests, and antiwar movement back in the States." John Fritz, another POW, is a civilian who worked for the Agency for International Development. Over three years ago he was captured by the Vietcong and, up until his release, shared an eight-foot-square bamboo cage with another man. Like Risner, Fritz praised the American bombing and blasted the antiwar movement, saying Jane Fonda and Ramsey Clark "should have kept their mouths shut." Two days before these statements the *New York Times* had an editorial, "Muzzled POWs," lamenting that the released prisoners were being "protected" from the press. These public statements ought to reassure the *Times*—or will they?

■ The people of South Dakota have nothing against Democrats. Last year Democrats won the governorship, a Senate seat, and control of the state legislature. It was only George McGovern they didn't like. As luck would have it, the Senator faces re-election next year and he's obviously worried—already he's begun waffling. About those tax loopholes. He still wants to close them but now realizes us honest taxpayers won't get the $22 billion he promised last year; now he'd be happy with one-third of that. About slashing the military budget. He admits, this year, that we couldn't cut it by $31 billion, as he recommended last fall, but there's no reason we can't cut it by, say, "$7 to $9 billion." About amnesty. It's not up to him and could we please change the subject. About aid for North Vietnam. Only last October McGovern pledged that when elected he would "join with other countries in repairing the wreckage" of North Viet-

Where Have All the Flowers Gone?

Where have all the marchers gone?
(Yoo-hoo, Miss Steinem . . .)
Where is "Women Strike for Peace"?
Girls, can you hear?
What will George McGovern do?
What's Teddy planning?
They'll think of something else;
They'll think of something else.

W. H. VON DREELE

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nam. Now he says he "cannot be at all sympathetic" to proposals that we help rebuild North Vietnam. How can we send money to North Vietnam when we had to cut back on agricultural programs that provide money for the farmers of South Dakota? McGovern, however, hasn't waffled on all things. He still loves his wife. Just the other day he bought her a very lovely mink coat. And, the furrier having agreed McGovern could pay for the coat in installments, Eleanor will probably be allowed to keep it—unless, of course, the 4-H Club wants it.

■ Things are chaotic in the Berkeley public schools; for evidence, see p. 310. Now the school board is taking a stand. It has voted, 3 to 2, to adopt new "guidelines" under which suspension or expulsion will be the lot of anyone "inflicting or threatening bodily harm, committing arson, committing or threatening extortion, and possessing or selling drugs." However, students "shall not normally be suspended or expelled for the use of drugs, profane or abusive language, smoking, truancy, tardiness, or cutting classes." The pair who came out at the short end of the vote wanted the word "normally" removed from the above sentence. *Wheeeee!*

■ The Soviet navy is completing construction of its first aircraft carrier, and has started its second. They will be something over 900 feet long, displacing 46,000 tons, with missile launchers as well as anti-aircraft guns mounted forward. Its first two helicopter carriers are already in service, as the U.S. Sixth Fleet has often enough observed in the Mediterranean. Naval strategists point out that these carriers mark a basic transition in Soviet naval power, from the traditional Russian navy designed, basically, for defense of the homeland, to a force able, like the U.S. Navy, to operate anywhere in the seven seas and, through aircraft and marines, on the world's islands as well.

■ No question about it, the Vietnam war was unpopular in Europe. Could not people see, right on their television screens, American atrocity after American atrocity? Viewers in Denmark, for instance, were treated to footage of a naked child sitting on railroad tracks, with bombed-out houses in the background. The soundtrack of *We Know All Sorrow*, by Russian moviemaker Konstantin Simonov, explained: "His parents have been murdered by cruel American pilots." Only thing was, some Danes with long memories recalled seeing the same shot in a Soviet film of the 1930s about Japanese bomb attacks on China. Others checked and found the picture in *Grimberg's World History*, with the caption: "A Chinese child who lost his parents in Shanghai after a Japanese bomb attack."

■ They order these things better, sir, in Sweden. Peaceful, humane, rational Sweden . . . Just last week, for instance, it was learned that a small grove of birches was to be cut down to make room for a highway. When workmen showed up to do the job, they found a couple of hundred conservationists blocking their path. Impasse—until three hundred riot police, with dogs, swooped down. Several protestors were bitten, thirty were hauled away, then, under police guard, the workmen got busy with their buzz saws. Prime Minister Olof Palme refuses amnesty to the culprits.

■ The British publication *Soviet Analyst* has noticed a curious difference between the version of Andrei Sakharov's interview with a *Newsweek* correspondent printed in *Newsweek* itself, and the version of the same interview printed in the *London Observer*. "*Newsweek*'s version," says *Soviet Analyst*, "was admittedly compressed. All the same, for an American audience, it is rather surprising that it left out Sakharov's comments on the development of his views on Vietnam. In his book *Progress, Coexistence, and Intellectual Freedom*, he had, as he put it, 'berated' the United States for the Vietnam war. His present view is, 'I now feel more keenly about the responsibility of the Soviet Union, China, and the Vietnamese Communists.'" Was *Newsweek*, *SA* wonders, protecting Sakharov from the anger of American leftists, or protecting American leftists from exposure to such an opinion from a man whose devotion to "liberal democratic ideas" is beyond question?

■ Going to Uganda? Be advised that "every person of or above the apparent age of 14 years who in any public place, wears any dress, garment, skirt, or shorts the hemline or bottom of which is 5.08 centimeters (2 inches) or more above the upper edge of the patella, or wears any dress popularly known as a midi or a maxi having a slit on any part of the circumference of such dress the apex of which is above the upper edge of the patella" violates the law as she is decreed by Africa's Solomon, General Idi Amin.

■ It happens in the People's Republic of China that husbands and wives are often separated by the "need of the state." But no matter how far the two might be separated by the state's needs they are always allowed to visit each other—two weeks out of every year, rain or shine.

■ Chile's Pablo Neruda, winner of the Stalin and Nobel Prizes, says his duty—and the duty of all poets—"is to convert [Nixon], by dint of rhythmic and rhymed discharges, into an unpresentable rag." To this end we have Neruda's latest, *Invitation to Nixoncide and Praise of the Chilean Revolution*, in which he calls Mr. Nixon "bloodthirsty," "illiterate," an "indifferent jackal," and "a cornered rat." Can you win the Nobel twice?

■ In the week preceding Chile's parliamentary elections (see "The End of the Line," by Nena Ossa, p. 308), the opposition got the word. The anti-Allende coalition had hoped that a democratic sweep at the polls would pro-

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Some canny observers believe John Connally's switch to the Republican Party will come sooner than is generally expected—perhaps before June. In fact, they believe the switch might have taken place by now were it not for the publicity given the President's conversation with William Ruckelshaus, during which the President lavished praise on Connally and indicated he thought Connally would win the 1976 Republican presidential nomination. The President spoke with Ruckelshaus in private. Ruckelshaus revealed the conversation to newsmen the next day. It would have looked a bit *too* orchestrated if Connally's conversion had come immediately after word of the President's encomium had got around town.

■ At 12:45 P.M. December 26, 1950, President Truman signed a proclamation that "recent events in Korea and elsewhere constitute a grave threat to the peace of the world." This proclamation officially initiated a "state of national emergency" and triggered a slew of standby powers—no one knows how many—for the President. But the "emergency" proclamation did not have a built-in termination date, and now no one knows quite how to go about terminating it. In an official emergency the President has special powers conferred on him by as many as three hundred laws, laws that empower him to act, without congressional consent, to limit travel by Americans, mobilize industries, seize real estate, suspend broadcasting regulations, control consumer credit, sell stocks of strategic materials, and extend military enlistments. The Department of Defense list of the President's emergency powers covers 249 pages and may not be complete.

Some people believe these powers are unnecessary under today's conditions. Senators Charles Mathias (R., Md.) and Frank Church (D., Idaho) are co-chairmen of the Special Committee on the Termination of the National Emergency and will use the Committee's $175,000 appropriation to look into the situation. The conclusion it will reach is hardly in doubt. When the Committee recommends termination of the emergency, the President will be hard put to argue that the emergency declared in the "era of confrontation" persists in this "era of negotiations," when an emergency is a shortage of ships to carry American wheat to the Soviet Union.

■ On January 27 the military draft ended. Or did it? No one had been drafted since December. The President says no one will be drafted between now and when his authority to induct expires June 30. But no one believes the current incentive structure of regular pay and bonuses is adequate to attract the needed number of doctors and dentists. Legislation to improve the incentives died in the Senate last year. If improved incentives are not passed soon the Administration may be forced to ask for an extension of the draft.

■ The bombing is over in Vietnam, but the strafing of Sweden continues from Washington. Former Colorado Senator Gordon Allott was offered the job of ambassador to Sweden. He said no thanks. Then Senate Democratic Whip Robert Byrd of West Virginia exercised his considerable ability to speak his mind. A Swedish television newsman sat Byrd in front of a camera and asked Byrd what he thought of Sweden. Byrd told him. He accused Prime Minister Olof Palme of "vicious provocation, a libelous abuse" of the United States. He said it was dandy of President Nixon to tell Sweden not to send an ambassador to the U.S. just now. He suggested Palme has been trying "to focus the attention of his people away from their own domestic problems by calling attention to Vietnam." And he added: "I certainly wouldn't want Sweden to act as moderator in any international dispute because I don't think it is a neutral country any more." —CATO

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vide the mandate needed to oust Allende and his socialist programs. But last November, Allende brought three members of the military into his cabinet, ostensibly to settle the country's paralyzing general strike. Chileans wondered then where their traditionally apolitical armed forces stood. Now they know: Last week a highly placed military spokesman dismissed the opposition as not "a durable or consolidated force," and added that an opposition victory would not, in the eyes of the armed forces, constitute "expression by the country against the government."

■ Police found a hundred little bags of the stuff in the man's suitcase: brownish, crumbly, aromatic, dried vegetable matter. "Grass!" they cried. "Clover," the man pleaded. He was allergic to tobacco; marijuana was illegal, so he rolled his own clover. "That's a good one—tell it to the judge!" Then police lab technicians ran a test. Yup, clover. Completely nonaddictive, and when you smoke it you see amazing, unearthly visions, like policemen with bright red faces.

■ Busy, busy, busy are the little beavers over at the Occupational Safety and Health Administration, which is part of the Labor Department, or maybe the Coast Guard, we forget. Since the OS and H Act took effect in April 1971, the Administration has logged forty thousand citations. According to a spokesperson, the Number One violation is housekeeping: ". . . leaving things where people can trip over them or general failure to keep an orderly work place." Unfortunately, forty thousand citations are apparently insufficient for appraising

Shalom

I have not been to Tel Aviv
Or Nazareth on Christmas Eve.
Jerusalem, I haven't seen,
Or walked with Mary Magdalene.
The Golan Heights I shun, of course.
I shall not seek the Jordan's source.
And never (never!) shall I fly
Above the desert of Sinai.

W. H. VON DREELE

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the effectiveness of the program. It is "too early in the game" to determine, the official says, whether the law is helping to cut industrial accidents. We'll check again when they reach 100,000 citations. Meanwhile, don't trip over anything at work, unless of course you want to get your boss in trouble with the Feds.

■ Incidental notes: A friend in the Midwest reports driving by a motel whose marquee bore the greeting, "Welcome, handgunners." Hope it was a convention.

Amnesty?

Naturally, a great deal of sentimentality surrounds the entire issue of amnesty for draft-dodgers and deserters now residing abroad, mostly in Canada and Sweden. The President is asked to be "generous," Lincoln's example is invoked, the cry goes up to forgive and forget. Yet all of this should not be allowed to obscure the profound political and philosophical issues raised by the amnesty demands.

First of all, be it noted, the individuals now in exile chose not to plead conscientious objection through the established legal channels. Many other men did take this course. Indeed, the grounds for claiming CO status have been greatly broadened in recent years by the Supreme Court. Virtually all an individual now must do is demonstrate good faith when he claims opposition to war.

The demand being made by and for the draft-dodgers and deserters is for a different thing altogether. To be sure, the two categories must be distinguished, and, at the appropriate time, individual cases would naturally be judged on their merits. But right now, both groups are demanding in essence the right not to have served in this particular war, about which, they further stipulate, their judgment differed from that of the nation's elected leaders and other officials of its legitimate government. What they are demanding as a group, therefore, is the right to formulate and act upon a foreign policy of their own, different from the foreign policy of the United States Government.

It is not surprising, accordingly, that the demand for amnesty has been taken up by the antiwar politicians and spokesmen in the United States; but it would be very surprising if the demand were acceded to by the very government which prosecuted the war.

Furthermore, to grant this demand would be to extend to dissenters in the future a right of veto over the nation's foreign policy. No responsible, legitimate government can do this. At the present time, then, the draft-dodgers and deserters constitute a kind of countergovernment in exile, a countergovernment with numerous allies within the country, and, like them, resting claims to legitimacy on superior moral insight.

Contrary to what is being asserted by proponents of amnesty, there has never, following any American war, been a general amnesty for draft-dodgers and deserters.

1. The familiar comparison with Civil War "amnesty" turns out to be fallacious. In 1863, before the end of the war, Lincoln offered pardons to Confederates who took an oath of loyalty to the Union. This was clearly a psywar gambit against the Confederacy. In 1865 Lincoln offered full pardons to Union military deserters, provided they returned to their units within 60 days to serve out a period of time equal to their original enlistments. In 1865, 1867, and 1868, full pardon was offered to all Confederates taking the oath of allegiance. In 1866, President Johnson allowed deserters to return to military duty without punishment, but with forfeiture of pay. Conclusion: Neither during nor after the Civil War was there a general or unconditional amnesty.

2. In 1924, President Coolidge granted amnesty to one hundred deserters; but all hundred had deserted after the November 11, 1918 armistice. In 1933, FDR granted amnesty to 1,500 men who had violated the draft and espionage laws during the war—but only *after* they had completed their sentences.

3. Some 28 months after V-J Day, President Truman pardoned 1,523 out of 15,803 violators of the draft law, a ratio of 1 in 10. Those pardoned had received favorable recommendations, upon individual review, by his Amnesty Board.

4. There was no amnesty after Korea. In December 1952, President Truman granted amnesty to peacetime deserters: those who had left their units between V-J Day and the outbreak of war in Korea in June 1950.

A review of the 34 instances of amnesty in U.S. history, dating back to George Washington's 1795 pardon of participants in the Whisky Rebellion who agreed to obey the law, shows that there has never been an unconditional amnesty for draft-dodgers or deserters following any war; for the simple reason that the Federal Government has never been willing to recognize the sovereign claims of a countergovernment composed of its own citizens.

De-Americanization

The other face of the Vietnamization coin is de-Americanization. On the military side, the latter means pulling the American troops—and the American POWs—out of, first, South Vietnam, then the rest of Indochina, and some day maybe, out of all Southeast Asia. The POW part of the operation is proving stickier than suggested by the Kissinger-Le Duc Tho Protocols, but that should hardly be surprising. The POWs are Hanoi's most powerful lever for manipulating U.S. opinion and policy, and Hanoi hates to let go of it.

On the political side, de-Americanization means making somebody or something besides (or in addition to) the U.S. take on whatever responsibility for events in Indochina is not assumed by the local inhabitants. The purpose of the Paris conference that began February 26

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and is thrashing around in circles as we write is, from the U.S. point of view, to try to push along the process of political de-Americanization. On all counts it is the weirdest gathering yet in the crowded sequence of post-World War II international conferences. No one knows what exactly it *is*, why these nations (and non-nations) and not such others as Japan, India, or Thailand, for example, were on hand, what specifically it was supposed to do, how it should proceed, who should be chairmen, or how it could continue an operative existence, under what name, after the conference itself adjourned. Naturally enough under the circumstances, the conference was a disorderly squabble from the beginning. But still, it was accomplishing something toward the U.S. de-Americanization objective. President Nixon had in fact succeeded in involving other major nations, publicly this time and not merely in secret soundings, in the Vietnam situation, and thus reducing, relatively, the role and responsibility of the U.S.

In any case, everyone present knew that, so far as the actual course of events in Indochina is concerned, what was happening in Paris was of negligible importance as against what was happening on the ground in South Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia.

Notes on Style

I. *London:* "It's going to be a demanding spring—but help is at hand. The new pulled-together look essential this season wreaks havoc among the young who have loved the fun of doing their own thing with contrasting layers. 'I can't face this spring. I only know how to dress in jeans and lots of tops,' moaned one fashion artist. But the designers are pulled together, too. Many are doing their best, their least freaky collections in years. . . . If every other London girl is not wearing a real pulled-together suit and hat this spring along Knightsbridge or Bond Street, then she's not as sharp as I take her to be. Far from the killing word 'respectability,' this 1950s look now has the allure of something new. It's Susan down the street, in faded denims and suede battle-dress, who's going to look passé." (Serena Sinclair, Special to the *Christian Science Monitor.*)

II. *New York:*

What shall we do tomorrow?
What shall we ever do?
The hot water at ten.
And if it rains, a closed car at four.

But what *will we do*, what will Susan and Mary and Francine and Jason and Tom and Norman and Irving *do*, now that Vietnam is, well, no longer . . . *here?* Maybe save the OEO? Ugh. A reception for Black September? Abstain from lettuce, yet once more? Reform the prisons? Join the staff of *Ms.*? But ah, my friend, it is all so faute de mieux. Life in Westport has lost all its savor, and so has the Cape . . .

Still, as it happens, there *is* something to do. In my end is my beginning, as he says elsewhere. Return to *literary* and *cultural* criticism, return, indeed to the ambience of the 1950s, despised only yesterday, return to the delicious personal vendettas, too, and the sweet smoke of gossip, to the one-upmanship contests (remember Dwight and Midcult? remember *kitsch*?). And also return, perhaps, to that occasional piece of important literary criticism. Already, in a few symptomatic pieces, the stylistic vocabulary has begun to displace the moralistic. And among the erstwhile leaders of the chic Left, all the talk—Ho Chi Who?—is now about what Mary did to David Halberstam and what Irving did to Philip, viz.:

1. "What is the purpose of this book? Six hundred and eighty-eight pages of 'colorful' narrative that seems to have been breathlessly dictated to a recording device. . . . In fact the book's success is a mystery to this reader, who was unable to stay awake for more than a few paragraphs at a go without ferocious application of will

"Just make yourself at home!"

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power, tea, coffee, drinks of water, propping open of eyelids, pinches, strolls about the room. I attribute my stupefied boredom partly to Halberstam's prose, which combines a fluency of cliché with deafness to idiom and grammatical incomprehensibility. . . ." (Mary McCarthy reviewing *The Best and the Brightest* in *The New York Review of Books*.)

2. "As it happens, the [*Times*] *Book Review* asked Mary McCarthy to review Halberstam's book early last fall. In many ways, *The Best and the Brightest* reminded me of McCarthy's *The Company She Keeps*. . . . After thinking it over for a week or two, McCarthy turned us down; her agent informed us that she would do the review for *The New York Review of Books*. I probably would have turned down an invitation to write for a magazine that said what this one said about her last two books, too. . . ." (John Leonard, editor, *New York Times Book Review*.)

3. "But even in the early stories one begins to hear a grind of exasperation, an assault without precise object, an irritable wish to pull down the creatures of his own imagination which can hardly be explained by anything happening within the stories themselves. . . . The cruelest thing anyone can do with *Portnoy's Complaint* is to read it twice. . . . The talent that went into *Portnoy's Complaint* and portions of *Goodbye, Columbus* is real enough, but it has been put to the service of a creative vision deeply marred by vulgarity," et cetera, et cetera. (Irving Howe on Philip Roth in *Commentary*.)

III. *London:* "'Pick any color,' to paraphrase Henry Ford, 'as long as it's blue.' This is the bluest spring in years and Englishwomen, and more particularly Englishmen, should be delighted. It's of long tradition the favorite spring color. . . . More Fifties' feeling in elasticized shoulder lines on countless cotton dresses and in white blouses with horizontally tucked full sleeves. They stay high or get pushed low, Rita Hayworth-style. . . . Far more of the halter-neck evening dresses now come with their own shawls or jackets: one Fifties comeback that is welcome. . . ." (Serena Sinclair, *op. cit.*)

A Kissinger Plan for North Vietnam?

"In pursuance of its traditional policy, the United States will contribute to healing the wounds of war and to postwar reconstruction of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam and throughout Indochina." So reads the cease-fire agreement. Defending this clause in his February 22 press conference, Henry Kissinger rejected the terms "reparations" and "ransom" as applied to the moneys—rumored to total something like $2.5 billion—that might be sent to North Vietnam. He explained and justified the commitment as " . . . a long-term investment in a structure of peace and in turning people whose whole experience has been with conflict, with guerrilla war, with hostility toward the outside world, into pursuits with which they are essentially unfamiliar, and this is our interest in the program and why we are willing to explore a program of reconstruction for all Indochina."

The terminological questions are no doubt unimportant. But whatever the proposed money to Hanoi is called, this clause has aroused more discussion than any other element of the agreement, almost all of it, whether from left or right, adverse. The Right objects primarily on moral grounds; the Left, on grounds of the priorities that ought to hold for the government's expenditures. Thus, Senator Barry Goldwater: "The North Vietnamese were the culprits in this. They could have ended the war before it caused any damage to their country. Their failure to do so caused many American deaths, and I don't think we should pay them for it. My mail is running heavily against it, and my feeling is that the American people will oppose it to a rather great extent." And Senator Robert Byrd: "I am against it, period. I'm against it now, I'll be against it six months from now, I'll be against it a year from now. I can't vote for foreign aid for North Vietnam when the Administration is impounding monies for programs that are vitally important for my own people in West Virginia." Senator McGovern adds his inimitable touch: "Where is the logic in leaving in jail or exile many young Americans, who would not fight, while sending billions of dollars in aid to a country that was our enemy until a few days ago? The President seems to be saying that we must reward our enemy, but we cannot forgive our own sons."

Whereunto we comment:

1. It is the most natural thing in the world that Americans should feel indignant, at first blush, on hearing this proposal to, as it must at first seem, coddle the enemy.

2. In terms of realpolitik, the aid proposal must surely be understood as a part of the package deal that Kissinger and Le Duc Tho finally and painfully negotiated, one of the carrots that supplemented the bombing stick.

3. It is not inconceivable that some of those most firmly condemning the idea in public—like Barry Goldwater, for one, who was almost sycophantic in his earlier praise of the agreement as a whole—may have been speaking with the knowledge and even hint of the President. It would not be a bad thing for Hanoi to get the message that the majority of Americans are pretty sore at the North Vietnamese.

4. It is most certainly premature to try bringing this issue to a conclusion or even lengthy debate at present. It will be some time yet, at the soonest, before it is ripe for serious discussion and decision. Until we know whether there really is going to be peace in Indochina, whether all the POWs will be returned, whether Hanoi will make a bid for power in South Vietnam, we won't be able to discuss fruitfully the possibility of sending aid to it as well as South. It should not be either excluded

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or irrevocably promised in advance. If all goes well, for us to join with other nations in all-Vietnam rehabilitation might be a promising way of furthering Southeast Asian peace and stability, even of easing North Vietnam away from the great Communist powers. If things go wrong enough, no one is going to ask Billions for Hanoi.

The Myth of the Myth of the Bloodbath

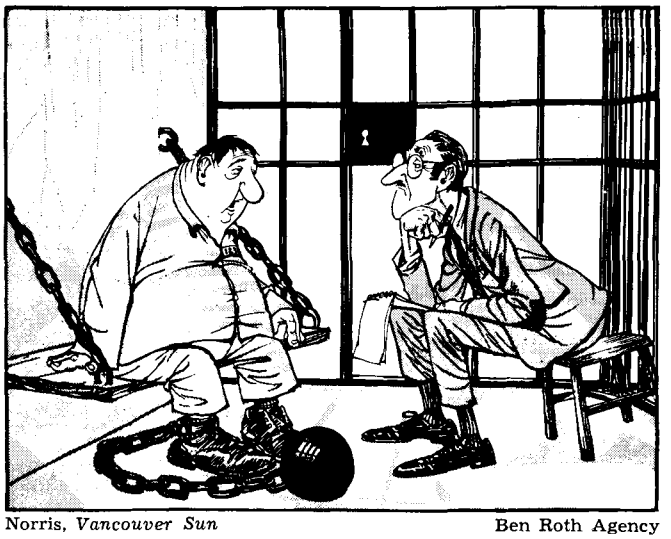
North Vietnam's "land reform" program of the mid-1950s has long been thought to have resulted in a "bloodbath," in which upward of fifty thousand people were killed. The danger that another might follow a Communist takeover of the South was always a principal argument against hasty U.S. withdrawal.

But last year a Cornell faculty member, D. Gareth Porter, achieved celebrity in the liberal-to-radical press (and on network television) by publishing a study entitled *The Myth of the Bloodbath: North Vietnam's Land Reform Reconsidered*. Sure, Porter said, there were occasional "excesses"; but they were committed by ignorant and overzealous peasants, who departed from official guidelines for the program. All in all, the land reform was a good thing, badly needed at the time, and beneficial in its results for the poor peasantry. As for those who promulgated the "myth," Porter remarked on their ignorance, shoddy scholarship, credulity, venality, etc.

Now Porter himself has received two withering attacks from scholars who have examined his own work and point out (for instance) that one exasperated Vietnamese gave up trying to converse with Porter without an interpreter: a damning detail in itself, given Porter's high-handed criticism of those who presume to speak on Vietnamese matters without an intimate knowledge of native linguistic, literary, and cultural nuance.

But we may leave Porter's well-documented deficiencies aside. What is more interesting is what his two critics, Daniel E. Teodoru and Robert F. Turner, have to say about the putative myth itself. Their conclusions are 1) that it occurred; 2) that the estimate of fifty thousand deaths is very low, perhaps six to ten times that number having been killed; and 3) that the "land reform" program was really designed as a strategic intensification of the "class struggle," with the aim of consolidating Communist power.

To put the last point more starkly: The bloodbath was not a *side effect* of the program; it *was* the program. It was foreseen and intended. Its occurrence achieved just what Hanoi was after: a thorough purge of its enemies. The "land reform," furthermore, probably further impoverished its supposed beneficiaries, the poor peasants. If so, this too may well have been in accordance with Hanoi's strategy: to incite several phases of class hatred, successively destroying the uppermost remaining



Norris, *Vancouver Sun* Ben Roth Agency

". . . finally, I had no alternative but to turn to crime to maintain my habit . . . eating."

strata of Vietnamese society, until only a docile and dependent peasantry was left. The severity of the program may be judged from the fact that Hanoi saw fit to circulate among the masses a poem discouraging even feeding the orphans of dead landlords; and testimony of refugees confirms what that fact only suggests.

What Teodoru and Turner have to say may be read in the Senate Judiciary Committee's "The Human Cost of Communism in Vietnam—II, The Myth of No Bloodbath" (available for 50 cents, postpaid, from the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402). Their findings are supported (inter alia) by the experience of eyewitnesses, by official North Vietnamese documents, and, implicitly, by the classic precepts of Marx, Lenin, and Mao.

I Did It with My Little Hatchet

Having delivered their initial, knee-jerk reactions to President Nixon's budget cuts, professional Nixon-haters took a look at the facts and concluded, reluctantly, that Nixon was right, *but* . . . Tom Wicker: "President Nixon is on reasonably firm ground in contending that many of the antipoverty and other social programs created by Democratic Administrations in the 1960s failed in practice. *But* the way Mr. Nixon made the case was . . . partisan and self-serving." James Reston likewise admits that Nixon "was selective in his cuts and took aim at several political boondoggles most objective observers felt should have been eliminated long ago." *But* Mr. Reston is worried that Nixon's "program of substantial conservative reform" may be "trying to go too fast." (When liberalism is on the defensive, conservatism is apparently no longer defined as "rigid adherence to the status quo.") *Washington Post* columnist William Rasp-

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berry agrees that antipoverty programs haven't worked, *but* believes they should be retained because of their "symbolic value."

The qualifications run from petty to silly. Either these so-called social programs on the President's execution list are gypping taxpayers, or they aren't. Almost everyone seems to agree they are. By the time federal money has been channeled through the staffs of 907 Community Action agencies, for example, there is virtually nothing left for the intended beneficiaries. Only 4 per cent of all farm price-support payments go to the poorest 41 per cent of the farmers, and the resulting increase in food prices hurts the poor the most. Urban renewal has destroyed more housing than it has created, and the enormously costly interest subsidies for new housing do not go to the poor (who aren't eligible) but to builders and bankers. Interest subsidies to rural electric companies simply lower the cost of electricity in rural areas at the expense of urban taxpayers. The President's other targets are equally well chosen.

Even the governors, who gripe about any let-up in federal generosity, are unanimous in agreeing that "there is a public demand now for a hold-down on federal spending and taxes," according to a *Christian Science Monitor* survey. Only one governor plans to increase state taxes, belying the complaint that Nixon's program will shift an intolerable burden onto state governments. The fact is that the tax revenues of state and local governments are running well ahead of expenditures. The American Enterprise Institute estimates that annual state and local surpluses may exceed $23 billion by 1975. So it may well be, as Tom Wicker has written, that "Mr. Nixon's revenue-sharing program will turn out to be 'throwing dollars' at a surplus." If so, there's another place for budget cutting.

Middle East

As the comings and goings of Arab and Israeli leaders at the White House indicate, we are in for a new round of conversations regarding the Middle East; and, indeed, despite the downing of the Libyan airliner, there is some sign that the pieces may be falling into place for diplomatic progress in that region.

The most important element in the equation, of course, is the passing of the U.S. presidential election. The White House, freed to some degree at any rate from domestic pressures, now has greater room for diplomatic maneuver. President Nixon has already given one small signal of independence by delaying the shipment of Phantom jets to the Israelis after the airliner incident. Secondly, the prospective negotiations will take place in a circumstance of broader "linkage," the Soviet position affected not only by grain, computer, and Siberian gas deals, but by anxious musings over Kissinger's Peking diplomacy.

Tel Aviv and Cairo, like Saigon and Hanoi, could find some of their options foreclosed by these changing relations among the great powers. Clearly, Egypt and Syria will not recover every inch of territory lost in the 1968 war. The Golan Heights and Sharm El Sheikh are on any estimate vital to Israeli security. Just as clearly, the Israelis cannot assert a claim in perpetuity to the Sinai peninsula. The difficult negotiations will involve the status of Jerusalem and of the West Bank. In both cases the Israelis would like—but may not be able—to impose a unilateral solution.

A settlement here could be a stunning culmination of the Nixonian diplomacy, a thought surely not lost upon Nixon himself; though the negotiating process will surely make the Vietnam negotiations look by comparison simple and straightforward.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Priscilla:

I have read with dismay WFB's ukase on the serial comma. I can't do it. No way. It's just plain ugly. WFB says this is *un*-negotiable. You're his sister . . . How serious is he? Can I arrange a dispensation?

Look . . . I'll compromise. There should be peace in the family. Instead of "John went to the store and bought some apples, oranges, and bananas . . ." How about if he just buys oranges and bananas? Or a head of non-union lettuce. You see what this sort of restriction leads to. And they ask me why fiction is dying. Erich Segal, I bet, uses the serial comma.

You may tell WFB that, from now on and as ordered, I salute the red and white. Sincerely, D. Keith Mano
Blooming Grove. N.Y.

P.S. However, the first ukase on exclamationitis was long overdue. The exclamation point may be used only in dialogue and then only if the person speaking has recently been disemboweled.

■ Dear Priscilla:

In re the serial comma controversy in the current *NR*, on *this* issue, amusing, as, your, comments, are, I agree 100 per cent with Bill's ukase on this matter. "My coats are green, red, black and white" means something different from "My coats are green, red, black, and white," as a rather silly example. But in my book the serial comma is a *must*. Corinna Marsh
New York, N.Y.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

About your *un*-negotiable Style Book ukase: Fowler says the comma before the "and" is considered otiose (his word). Too many sections.

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Seventeen years of silence, then the ukase labored and brought forth a comma, by caesuran section no doubt. That indeed is exclamationitis! Yours,

Vox Dictionarius
c/o George Foster
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Vox: Otiose blotiose. *He dreamed of conquering Guatemala, Panama, San Salvador and Nicaragua?* Without the comma, San Salvador and Nicaragua appear positively zygotic. Is that what you want, Vox? Well, count [illegible] —WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

As a bemused admirer of your continuing love affair with the English language, I am delighted to welcome you to the side of the angels in the matter of serial commas.

Now, if you are still in a ukase-handing-down mood, you might set a few people straight (including yourself, I'm afraid) on the uses of *that* and *which*. Even good writers, in which your stable abounds, fail to recognize the difference. The feeling seems to be, as Fowler points out, that *that* is the colloquial and *which* the literary relative—a feeling that he further suggests results from misreading the evidence.

In the interests of lucid writing, the rule is that *that* should be the pronoun introducing defining clauses, and that *which* should be the pronoun introducing non-defining clauses. Or, putting it another way, if the clause is necessary to the sense of the sentence, *that* is the word; and if the clause can be omitted without destroying the sense of the sentence, then *which* is the word. Further, if the pronoun itself can be omitted, then *that* is the word. And only if the clause can be set off by commas without looking stupid is *which* the word.

The only real problem with following this rule out the window is that one occasionally (frequently?) collides with the related question of prepositions at the ends of sentences, *which* will be the subject of our next lecture.

These examples, I think, show that an insistence on knowing the difference between these two words is more than just pedagogic petulance. (Lord knows I ain't no pedagogue, just an unfortunate with a technical education and a gut feeling for the language.) Their proper use can make a hell of a difference in how the message gets across. On the other hand, if your intent is obfuscation, then you just go on that/whiching the way you've always done it.

I can't think which I approve more, your political economy or your mode of expression. Probably I wouldn't appreciate either one so much if I didn't appreciate the other. Sincerely yours,

George A. Heinemann
Palatine, Ill.

Dear Mr. Heineman: You are wrong that the rule is absolute. The preference is absolute. Fowler himself confesses to misgivings on the point, though he knows the rule, and you state it correctly. Remember, you can even get away with saying, Our Father, which art in heaven. Thanks. Cordially, —WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

The opposite of *naked* force might be called "an iron hand in a velvet glove" as L. B. J. of Old Greenwich, Connecticut suggests. However, I think that the opposite of *naked force* would be appropriately called "clothed doorth." If you cannot get in, you cannot fight. Thintherely Yourth,

Martin Helgesen
Malverne, N.Y.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

A mutual friend has suggested that we recognize your achievements by awarding you an honorary degree.

I have personally reviewed some of the factors submitted, and I feel that our Board of Trustees would react favorably to your application for an honorary doctorate in Philosophy (PhD) in Business Administration.

Since the number of degrees awarded annually must necessarily be limited, I suggest that you file your application as soon as possible.

I am enclosing the necessary forms. Most sincerely yours,

Milton K. Ozaki, Ms.D., Litt.D.
President, Colorado State Christian College

Dear Mr. Ozaki: My business administration isn't so good, I mean *NR* is always broke, but at home where we used to have six goldfish, now we have eight!!! So how about an honorary doctorate in the Philosophy of Marine Biology? I can send you lots of references, and a picture of my goldfish. Cordially, —"Doc"

P.S. They're already calling me "Doc" here! —WFB

I Hate Change

Any change at any time for any reason is to be deplored.
—The Duke of Cambridge

When I wake up, I want to know
My toothpaste's where I left it: *so.*
At lunch, I pale if I don't see
My waitress nodding over me.
On Saturdays I wind the clocks;
On Sundays, I review my stocks.
(With equities, I temporize
If change should show them on the rise.)
My hackles rise at passing vogues.
I'm shod in stodgy British brogues.
Because I think in negatives,
Rejoice! The sprightly foxtrot lives.

W. H. von Dreele

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GEORGE F. WILL

Embattled Farmers

NEITHER rising food prices nor the public's rising gorge about them is attractive. But today's food prices are in fact more reasonable than the clamor they are causing. Regard: The 2.3 per cent increase in grocery-store prices in January was the largest one-month increase in the twenty years those prices have been monitored. Food that cost $20 in 1967 now costs $25.44. In order to portray food prices as outrageous without insulting America's farmers, politicians lambast "middlemen," who are to the price of pork what the "gnomes of Zurich" are to the price of the dollar —distractions from the basic forces at work.

Bad weather at home and bad weather and stupid agricultural policies in some foreign countries have drained American surpluses while farm exports have become important instruments of U.S. foreign policy. Our crop-producing land has been decreasing: Every year in the Sixties urban growth (highways, airports, etc.) consumed 750,000 tillable acres, 400,000 of which had actually been in production. Tastes have become more expensive as incomes have risen, and more people are buying "convenience foods" (e.g., packaged dinners) and so are paying significant amounts not for food but for a service—preparation.

Now, consider the American farmer. Ever since those embattled yeomen stood by the rude bridge that arched the Concord River flood, the farmer has enjoyed a special place in the Republic's affections. It was not until forty years ago, however, that he began to enjoy what was to become a significant place in the federal budget. In the nineteenth century the government subsidized one industry—railroads—that benefited manufacturers while penalizing farmers. This pattern of preference for Alexander Hamilton's industrial America provoked a populist revolt in Thomas Jefferson's rural America. But farmers saved themselves and confounded Jefferson's ghost by turning agriculture into an industry that would have warmed the cockles of Hamilton's icy heart. Peter Drucker, one of America's most perceptive social analysts, observes: "Agriculture in the developed countries has become the most productive, the most capital-intensive, the most highly mechanized, and altogether the most 'industrial' of all modern industries. It is an 'industry' with a very high input of scientific knowledge per unit of production. From being the most traditional sector, agriculture . . . has become the most progressive sector." This is the crucial fact: Our farmers are fantastically skillful, and because of that, American consumers are really very well off.

In 1900 half the American labor force was on farms (the same percentage of the Soviet Union's labor force is on farms today). In 1945 one-third of the labor force was on farms. And then came one of the most astonishing migrations in history. From 1945 until the mid-Sixties a million people moved from farms to cities *each year*—about 2,750 a day.

A revolutionary increase in farm productivity, spurred by the growth of huge farm units and "agribusiness" complexes, caused this migration, and a host of urban problems resulted. But the increase in farm productivity has had some enormously beneficial effects. The movement of marginal farmers to urban employment stimulated the rise of U.S. productivity. (Significantly, the same thing happened in Japan, where the percentage of the labor force on farms has plummeted from 60 to 20 per cent since 1945.)

In 1930 Americans spent 23.4 per cent of their incomes on food. In 1960 the figure was 20 per cent. Today it is 15.7 per cent. The figure for food prepared at home is 12.3 per cent. In Western Europe the averages are as high as 30 per cent, and for diets with protein contents inferior to ours. Americans are eating better for less of their incomes, and they are complaining furiously.

And that is just one thread in a tapestry of ironies. A farmer's republican virtues were supposed to derive from the simplicity of his life, but now he is one of the Republic's most sophisticated industrialists. A farmer's principal virtue was supposed to be independence and self-reliance, but he has become a partner with the government. Once a lagoon of isolationism, the farm community today has a crucial interest in the Administration's sophisticated and increasingly trade-oriented foreign policy. And finally, the farmer's success has eroded his political strength.

Farmers *have* reaped bumper crops from government: To repeat, they do well what they do. But it was not always that way; it probably will not be so good again; and even the salad days have been hard days for a lot of farmers. The idea that farmers are lotus eaters living high off government largesse misses a peck of points. It makes no more sense to think of "farming" as a single industry than it does to think of "manufacturing" that way. People growing cattle, cotton, or chickpeas have different and often rival interests. Today 800,000 farms produce 90 per cent of our agricultural product. On the other farms, life often is grim. The per capita income of all farm workers is only 81 per cent of the income of nonfarm workers—and it is that high only because many farm workers supplement their meager incomes with second jobs in town.

IN A democracy demography really is destiny, and the destiny of government farm programs is written in the fact that less than 4 per cent of the labor force is in farming. Thus the President feels free—indeed, obliged—to nudge down, or at least slow the rise of, food prices by retreating from the subsidies and production restrictions that have been used to support farm earnings.

But farmers are not going to be cast adrift in a turbulent market. The new Nixon budget cuts farm programs only from $5 billion to $4.2 billion. In addition, the presidential hand will be ready to assuage any major injury inflicted by the market's invisible hand: The President will have authority to pay farmers to remove land from production. Thus does the government, like God, temper the wind to the shorn lamb. □

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Under Northern Eyes

WHAT ESTIMATE of the situation is now being made by the North Vietnamese leaders?

They have never obscured the fundamental axiom on which their policy has been founded: the unification, under Communist rule, of Vietnam and ultimately all Indochina ("the revolution along the Mekong"). This axiom was affirmed in the early days of Indochinese Communism prior to World War II. It held without dilution under the Japanese occupation, the French return, the withdrawal of the French, the transition episode following the Geneva conference, and the arrival of the Americans. There is nothing in the present situation that could motivate its abandonment. Moreover, th legitimacy of at least its initial and crucial phase ("unity of Vietnam") is recognized in the ceasefire agreement with the Americans.

To the North Vietnamese, the ceasefire agreement means, in essence, getting rid of the Americans, as before they got rid of the French. They did not win an outright military victory in either case, but that is irrelevant in Communist eyes. The NV Communists are not fighting eighteenth-century set-piece battles, but twentieth-century multidimensional protracted conflict.

With U.S. military force withdrawn from the theater, the strategic position of the Communists in relation to South Vietnam, in fact to Indochina as a whole, would seem to be overwhelming. North Vietnamese units linked with local guerrillas control the border regions of Laos and Cambodia. Thus South Vietnam is encircled as well as infiltrated. In Laos the Communists control three-fourths of the terrain and a majority of the population. The only serious resistance has been coming from U.S. aircraft and from irregular forces supplied and led by Americans. In Cambodia the Communists control most of the countryside. The Phnompenh government is a façade kept from collapsing by massive U.S. military and economic support.

When We Go, Who Remains?

When U.S. power is gone, Communist power will be predominant in the Indochinese equilibrium. But U.S. power has not yet gone. It therefore becomes the current task of the Communists to speed the departure. In this task they have the whole-hearted assistance of the Americans. There is nothing we as a nation want more than to end military involvement in Indochina. And we are ready to pay almost any price to do so, including reparations on a scale unprecedented in proportion to population.

The Communists will not keep the terms of the ceasefire. They will continue to strengthen their hold, and to extend it by infiltration, propaganda, terror, and scattered fighting. But they will check to make sure their acts do not halt or reverse the American withdrawal.

It is true that even after all U.S. military units are out of South Vietnam, as they presumably will be within a month, U.S. military power will still overhang Vietnam from the air bases in Thailand and the ships of the Seventh Fleet. But a major strategic movement, once well started, acquires a momentum that is difficult, after a time impossible, to reverse. It will soon become psychologically and politically impossible for the U.S. to shift back to direct military intervention. And this is all the more certain because, as the Communists know, the U.S. is not only sick of the Indochina affair but wants to move to other pastures.

So: a loosening of tensions at least long enough to get U.S. military power out, and then the concluding phases of the revolution along the Mekong. Given the strategic layout, the outcome, if not the precise timing, is surely predictable. One big obstacle of course remains: Nguyen Van Thieu and some millions of South Vietnamese who do not want to be ruled by Communists. Thieu will not be an easy nut to crack, but with the Americans gone and the Communist strategic position predominant, the Communists have no doubt about success, probably in fairly short order. They do not need to worry about the absurd provisions of the accord. The tangled procedures of commissions and conferences and elections can serve as the cover for the fundamental ("molecular," as Trotsky called it) revolutionary process among the masses.

And it is not beyond belief that the Communists hope we Americans will collaborate in completing their program. Lately we have been giving earnest of good intent. We didn't permit the peace negotiations to be disturbed by the presence of Thieu or any of his representatives. We sent our men to Saigon to compel his consent to terms he never made. We told the Laotian government we would stop bombing whether or not it signed a document that is a scarcely disguised surrender. Our President asks billions of dollars to make a happier, stronger North Vietnam. Our Henry Kissinger publicly praises the good will and courtesy of North Vietnam's negotiator, but not of Nguyen Van Thieu.

Let's Normalize

We yearn for "normalization" of Indochina, so that we can wash our hands of it. Who but the Communists can accomplish the normalization? Isn't it a fact that, so long as intransigents like Thieu insist on making a fuss and act as if they felt Communism is something you ought to reject and oppose, things are not going to settle down in Vietnam? In its very first issue following the ceasefire, *Newsweek* was writing, "The main reason for the Joint Military Commission's difficulties seemed to be none other than Nguyen Van Thieu himself." Wouldn't it be the best solution, all around, if Thieu and Lon Nol and Prince Souvanna what's-his-name bowed out? if, bringing Owen Lattimore's 1949 South Korean recommendation up to date, we "let them fall—but not to let it look as though we pushed them"?

The President's trips to Peking and Moscow destroyed the political as well as moral foundation for an American anti-Communist policy in Indochina. I repeat: If we swallow Mao, how can we strain at Pham Van Dong? □

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THE ALLIANCE SYSTEM

Have we, in fact, come out of the cold war into an era of peaceful coexistence? It depends on how you define your terms, says the author, who offers proposals for a new realpolitik

The End of the Cold War?

BRIAN CROZIER

THE WEST faces the fluid, mobile security problems of the 1970s with the organizations created for the rigid 1950s. And it faces them under the psychological handicap of a generalized reluctance to face up to the problems. There was once a monolithic force called Communism that, while Stalin was alive, served the policy interests of the Soviet Union. And there were men like Churchill, Truman, Acheson, and Dulles who tried to contain it, first with the superbly conceived Atlantic Alliance, then with a war in Korea and a system of subsidiary alliances of more or less evident value, of which SEATO and CENTO (the Baghdad pact, mutilated by the departure of its original home, Iraq) are the best known examples.

Time and circumstances have eroded the alliances, but they are still there. France and Pakistan have deserted SEATO; CENTO limps along; and NATO, gravely weakened by de Gaulle's eccentric attempts to supplant American power in Europe, has a quaint air of obsolescence about it. Yet there has been no real attempt to adapt the machinery of international security planning to the changed realities of the 1970s. Let us look at the nature of the changes, and see whether at least a modest start could be made in the adaptation of existing alliances to the situation as it is now and as it is likely to evolve.

The world was exactly the same after the Nixon-Brezhnev agreements of May 1972 as before; except to the extent that people *thought* it was different as a consequence of the agreements and failed to note that they merely consecrated changes that had already taken place. The danger—a very real one—lies in the surprisingly widespread assumption

that with President Nixon's Peking and Moscow visits accomplished and a European security conference on the way, the world has become a safer place; safe enough, for instance, for the Americans to withdraw their troops and weaponry from Europe, safe enough for a detente on Soviet terms. Safe enough, that is to say, for ostriches to coexist peacefully with bears.

I am, comfortingly, not entirely alone in believing that the present situation is in fact a more dangerous one, especially for Europe, than at any time since the Berlin airlift of 1948 (in ways I shall specify). But there is a new dimension to the dangers, in the prevailing reluctance to recognize them as such, which merely compounds them.

The uniqueness of the present dangers lies in the total absence of a crisis, or a sense of crisis. Detente is in the air; the Chinese are returning, or so it seems, to the civilized ways of international diplomacy; the Americans are pulling out of Vietnam; the Egyptians ask the Russians to leave; the British are entering Europe. True, there is a vague malaise about something most unfortunately termed "low-level violence" (as though it were some curable social problem, like environmental pollution), in which the IRA, the Tupamaros, and Palestinian skyjackers are somehow jumbled in a disturbing image more closely related to *A Clockwork Orange* than to Messrs. Brezhnev and Podgorny. Not that the Lod airport massacre (to vary the example) is unrelated to *A Clockwork Orange*, in the sense that a society that tolerates the iteration of images of violence may come, faster than it thinks, to consider political violence natural. But political violence is different in kind from the violence of the drugged, the mindless, and the psychopaths. It is precisely motivated and organized by groups of people who can be identified, fought, and defeated. They can also, be it added, be infiltrated, trained, armed, financed, and in other ways exploited by the Russians (and to varying degrees, by the Chinese, the Cubans, the North Vietnamese, or other interested outsiders).

Moreover, the groups practicing subversion, terrorism, and revolutionary war can and do aid one another. A Japanese terrorist group massacred the civilians at Lod on behalf of Palestine extremists. Mexican revolutionaries were trained in North Korea with Soviet connivance. The Czechs sent arms to the IRA Provisionals. The Soviet Union finances the training of Chilean revolutionaries under the disapproving eyes of

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the local Communist Party. Turkish extremists are trained in Syria.

The security problems of the 1970s are less likely, under the ground rules spelled out by President Nixon and Mr. Brezhnev, to be the kind of nuclear confrontation Mr. Khrushchev stumbled into in 1962, than something akin to the triple appeal from Tanganyika (Tanzania), Uganda, and Kenya to Britain in January 1964 to contain the mutinous contagion within their tiny armies. The most likely challenges to security are going to be internal ones, whether or not with outside intervention. The Ulster situation is typical; as was the revolutionary euphoria in Paris in May 1968; and the threatened breakdown of law and order in Turkey in 1971. The point is that there is at present no internationally coordinated strategy or machinery to deal with this kind of problem; nor is there any sign that individual Western governments have come to grips with the problem, for instance by bridging the traditional separation of internal security from foreign policy.

The Russians are quite frank: "The concept of peaceful coexistence means intensification of the struggle of all the Communist parties for the triumph of socialism."

Semantic Barrier

Perhaps the most powerful psychological barrier against any such bridging is the fallacy, virtually erected into a Western dogma, that "the cold war is over." The assumption that it is underlies that calm and elegant work, Professor Louis J. Halle's admirable *The Cold War as History*; and the past tense is now habitual in references to the cold war in speeches and editorials. Correspondingly, those who point out that, from Russia's side, and indeed from the side of all Communist countries in a "socialist camp" that is no longer monolithic, the cold war has never ceased, are castigated as "cold warriors"—a term which, with the passing of the years and the deepening of the fallacy, has acquired a distinct connotation of Blimpish right-wingery.

It is necessary to point out that there has been little, if any, reduction in the volume of adverse propaganda against things Western in Soviet and East European media, or for that matter in the quality of the vituperation; that the systematic misrepresentation of all aspects of life in Western countries continues in the press of all Communist countries (including China); that subversion, espionage, and misinformation, directed against Western countries by the Soviet KGB, continue on a scale far vaster than any corresponding Western effort against the Soviet Union. The expulsion of 105 KGB officials from Britain in the autumn of 1971 drew attention to the scale of these activities.

The widespread acceptance by Western liberals of the Soviet definition of the cold war and of the belief that it is over (or ought to be) is indeed one of the greater triumphs of the Soviet propaganda machine in recent years. To some extent, but not entirely, it is a matter of semantics. For until recently, cold war meant one thing in Russia and Eastern Europe, and quite another in Western countries. As Sir William Hayter put it once, in his contribution to the symposium *The Cold War*, by Russia's definition, the cold war means attacks on or criticism of the Soviet regime, and appeals for an end to it imply that such attacks or criticisms should cease, not that the Soviet Union should change its own ways or policies. On the Western side, however, the cold war means (or rather, used to mean) the sum total of activities on either side of the Iron Curtain falling short of actual shooting (on the analogy that it takes two to make a war). As Sir William Hayter, Professor Hugh Seton-Watson, and other distinguished authorities have pointed out, the Soviets themselves use other terms to describe their activities comprised in the wider Western connotation of cold war. The most favored of these other terms is peaceful coexistence, which is an almost exact synonym for the undiminished flow of hostility from the Soviet Union which the West thought constituted the Soviet's part of the cold war.

I have been using or inserting the past tense because, consciously or otherwise, Western politicians (like Senator Fulbright), intellectuals, and even officials, have increasingly fallen into the habit of using the cold war in the Soviet sense, to refer to any Western criticism of the Soviet Union. Since the cold war (in the old Western sense) is over (or ought to be), any such criticisms constitute "a return to the cold war" and are therefore worthy of opprobrium. There are several possible explanations of this attitude. The kindest is ignorance, either of the fact that Soviet hostility continues undiminished, or of the fact that peaceful coexistence means what it does to the Russians.

Well, then, what *does* it mean to them? Fortunately, Mr. V. N. Egorov provided up-to-date answers for us only last year, in *Peaceful Coexistence and the Revolutionary Process*. Mr. Egorov is an official Soviet ideologist, and the most striking thing about his explanations is that they might have been written eleven years earlier in that they

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merely elaborate the words of the World Communist Declaration of 1960 (the last major international Communist document to which both Peking and Moscow subscribed): ". . . while political and ideological disputes between states should not lead to war, the concept of peaceful coexistence means intensification of the struggle of the working classes, of all the Communist parties, for the triumph of socialist ideas." The way Mr. Egorov puts it is that the policy of peaceful coexistence as practiced by socialist countries, "promotes the development and intensification of the world revolutionary processes, and the development of both peaceful and nonpeaceful forms of the struggle." Ideological coexistence between the Communist and non-Communist world is, of course, specifically excluded, Mr. Egorov being, by definition, a good Marxist-Leninist and Soviet citizen.

Preparing for Coexistence

It is tedious to have to quote from Soviet sources, but how else is one to get people who listen to Senator Fulbright with approval to understand that in Soviet eyes, detente and peaceful coexistence are co-terminous with what we used to call Soviet cold-war activities? The problem is real at a time when plans for a European Security Conference are far advanced and when the prevailing wisdom is that something called a detente will emerge from it. Whose detente? The West's, with freedom of movement for men, goods, and ideas? Or the East's, meaning peaceful coexistence, meaning the intensification of the world revolutionary processes? Short of a successful counterrevolution in Moscow which I see no grounds for predicting, it is inconceivable that the conference should yield anything approaching the Western idea of detente. If it does not end in failure (on the whole, the best available option), it is likely to produce a document that will mean different things in different capitals. At best, it will mean that the Soviet Union has no intention of invading Western Europe, so long as the Europeans recognize, if not de jure then tacitly, the Brezhnev Doctrine; that is, Russia's right to invade any East European country if it shows signs of wanting to go its own way. In return, the Russians will always be ready to sign undertakings not to intervene in the internal affairs of other countries and make similarly soothing pledges (as they did with the Joint Declaration of Principles that concluded the Nixon-Brezhnev talks). However, since ideological coexistence is ruled out, and revolutionaries will be revolutionaries, the Russians will find themselves helping the "people" to get rid of their capitalist and imperialist oppressors because that is their socialist duty. And helping means arms, training, money, clandestine infiltration of non-Communist revolutionary organizations, agitation and propaganda; political strikes, internationally synchronized to weaken the transnational companies; disinformation and spying, on industry as well as on defense establishments; and, if the interrupted revelations of Oleg Lyalin meant what they seemed to mean, contingency plans for sabotage in the EEC countries. In brief, peaceful coexistence.

Revolutionary war has a guerrilla phase, but guerrillas are not necessarily practitioners of revolutionary war, nor does revolution always stop at the guerrilla phase.

I have noted the fact that the existing alliances have no strategy or machinery to deal with this kind of security problem, and the time has come to make specific proposals. Nowadays, NATO, CENTO, and SEATO all provide for the exchange of information about subversive activities in the respective member countries, and that is one of the more constructive things done by the last two, in particular, which lack military teeth. But more than that is needed. The greatest need for the world situation, as it is now, is for the creation, within each alliance system, of a "Department of Irregular Warfare"* to which any country, whether or not it is a member of these alliances, could appeal for help when faced with an outbreak of political terrorism or with disintegration as a result of organized subversion. It is a desirable corollary to this proposal that each member country should create its own Department of Irregular Warfare.

It is necessary to explain why the existing committees on subversion within the alliances are insufficient, and why existing security arrangements within individual countries are almost certainly inadequate. In the last resort, meaningful international exchanges of information on subversion are probably impossible since no country's security or intelligence services are at all likely to part with their topmost secrets. Moreover, although most countries have some kind of a security service and the major ones have intelligence services as well, no single country has, to my knowledge, what I should define as a Department of Irregular Warfare.

Contingency Planning

What, then, is a Department of Irregular Warfare; or rather, what would it be if it existed?

The nature of the exercise is determined by the complexity and relative novelty of the phenomenon known to its practitioners as "people's revolutionary wars," or to some as "wars of national liberation." Although revolutionary war is not, at least in the initial stages, as destructive as a conventional war, let alone a nuclear one, it is nevertheless the most total form of warfare yet devised. It aims at the undermining of society, the shattering of the enemy's will to resist, and the complete destruction of the existing state and government. It therefore impinges on psychology, social organization, and politics. Those who think of revolutionary war as synonymous with guerrilla warfare miss the point: Revolutionary war comprises a guerrilla phase, as it comprises terrorism, but guerrillas are not necessarily practitioners of revolutionary war. Nor does revolutionary war necessarily stop at the guerrilla phase (as Mao Tse-tung's civil war, and both Indochina wars, demonstrated); or, on the other hand, necessarily reach it (as the Malayan experience showed).

A Department of Irregular Warfare would need to meet the full range of contingencies implicit in revolutionary war. It would need security specialists and Special Branch men; intelligence experts; information officers and speci-

*The name is less important than the function. It could equally be called "Department of Unconventional War"; or if euphemism or reassurance to peace-researchers is sought, "Department of Unconventional Defense."

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Alliances should be renegotiated to allow each to respond to appeals for help from any country threatened by subversion

alists in psychological warfare; skilled interrogators and imaginative practitioners of special operations—all these, and bomb disposal experts, and soldiers experienced in fighting terrorists and guerrillas in city, mountain, and jungle. And beyond all these, in case they are needed, highly trained armed forces with all the conventional skills and the best available weapons.

As a result of experiences in Palestine, Egypt, Malaya, Cyprus, Kenya, and other places, not forgetting Ulster, the British have a reservoir probably unparalleled in variety and quality, of personnel in all these categories and more. A crisis like Ulster may draw the necessary talents together, while it lasts; but there is no continuing organization to which men skilled in countersubversion and counterinsurgency belong. Once a crisis is over, the men involved disperse to their respective departments or services, or retire to fish or hunt, or don bowler hats and offer advice to company boards.

Nor is the British experience unique. The French, too, have had extensive experience with revolutionary war situations, notably in Indochina and Algeria. The Americans had a pioneering taste of it in the Philippines in the early 1950s and a massive exposure to the problem in Vietnam from 1958 on. When their involvement started in earnest, in 1962, they were richer in the weaponry and technology of conventional war than in the special skills of countersubversion and counterinsurgency. Now, as their ground involvement draws to a close, they have produced many people highly skilled in these special arts. But as things stand, these men will return to their respective departments or services, or to the ordinary civilian occupations they left behind.

Given the overwhelming likelihood of further outbreaks of revolutionary war in one or more of its various aspects, this dispersal of scarce talent seems wasteful and short-sighted. To be sure, the service colleges in the United Kingdom and the United States have grasped the need for continuing study of subversive war, and that is all to the good. But more is needed. The Departments of Irregular Warfare I envision, would have a compact permanent strength of police, servicemen, and civilians covering as wide a range of specialized knowledge and skills as possible. To this nucleus, however, would be added temporary personnel drawn from appropriate departments on a rotating basis, each term of duty being not less than one year. Either by arrangement with existing service estab-

(Continues on page 327)

The Status of Political Clichéology

FOLLOWING is a summary of findings made by the With-It Commission on Semantic Customs for the period January-December 1972. As has been the case in the Commission's twelve previous surveys, all samplings were taken among only the best and the brightest:

1. As projected in last year's survey, use of the terms *meaningful* and *relevant* continued in sharp decline. From an all-time high of 87 per cent FPS (Frequency Per Sentence) recorded in July 1966 during a late-night televised conversation between Dick Cavett and Norman Cousins, these terms registered a minimal 6 per cent in a sample *dialogue* between the same two test subjects during the early morning hours of November 8, 1972.

2. In this regard, the term *dialogue* itself, as also projected in the Commission's 1970 mid-year report, has all but disappeared from the conversational circuit, having been substantially replaced by *rap*, whose FPS continued to rise during 1972 to a creditable 44 per cent FPS among 30 to 50 age group subjects. However, continuing a trend noted in the same report, this increase was in inverse ratio to use of the term among conversationalists in the 14 to 30 age group.

3. Among the same 14 to 30 subjects, use of the aposiopetic *Y'know* and *Like, wow!* remained stable at 93 per cent FPUS (Frequency Per Unfinished Sentence).

4. *Charismatic* having been applied to Henry Kissinger by a *Newsweek* correspondent in a moment of deadline panic, the word has all but disappeared from Georgetown-McLean semantics. (.001 FPS), but still enjoys a degree of popularity among sports authorities gathered at P. J. Clarke's.

5. In the category of general multiword clichéology, the decline of 1967-69 record-breaking phrases, *Tell it like it is* and *Right on* continued, the sharpest drop in any 24-hour period registered following use of both terms in the peroration of an acceptance speech by the newly elected chairman of the Gastonia, North Carolina Christmas Tree Festival Subcommittee. (As a matter of scientific interest, there was no reported instance of the use of either phrase among Negroes/*blacks* during the year 1972.)

6. On the upward cycle, sharp FPS increases were registered for a) *Getting it together*: 56 per cent in a single twenty-minute address by Hubert Humphrey at a supermarket rally in Menominee, Michigan; b) *Chilling effect*: 62 per cent FPS in speech given by Eric Sevareid before a joint meeting of the Opelika, Alabama chapter of Sigma Delta Chi and the Auburn Ripon Society; and c) the elliptic use of the erstwhile preposition *into*, e.g., "I am *into* organic foods," "Nixon is *into* repression," etc.

7. Projecting for 1973, radical changes in nuncupative terminology are expected through the logical extension of WoLib success in altering the form of Chairman to *Chairperson*. Experimental surveys in Westchester County, New York uncovered incipient rejection by WoLib opinion leaders to the terms *woman*, *she*, and even *Chairperson* since the concluding letters or syllable contained in each reflect masculine derivation.

8. Finally, the use of *bullshit* in upper-middle-class cocktail-party conversations, first noted in the 1969 survey, continues apace, 83 per cent FPS and a steady 98 FPT (Frequency Per Thought).

—S. J. PAIGE

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LETTER FROM CHILE

The End of the Line

NENA OSSA

THE LATEST joke has President Allende visiting President Nixon. Amazed by the number of telephones on Nixon's desk, Allende asks about them. "This is my direct line to Brezhnev, this one is to Pompidou, this is to Heath, this to Brandt, this to Thieu." "And the flashing red one, Mr. Nixon?" "Oh," replies the President, "that's the phone to hell." Astounded, Allende asks permission to make a call. After a pleasant five-minute chat with Satan, the operator breaks in to announce that the toll has reached $500. The expense notwithstanding, Allende convinces Nixon to let him take the hellish apparatus back to Chile. On his return, Allende immediately calls in his cabinet and in their presence places a second call to hell. All goes as before until the operator breaks in with a charge of 500 escudos. "Five hundred escudos," cries Allende. "But why so little? In Washington the same call costs $500." "Oh, but Mr. President," says the operator, "this is a local call."

Less than a week away from parliamentary elections Chile is in an economic hell and a political one. There are two questions asked in Chile today. "What kind of a substitute government will we get . . . and when . . .?" Chileans fear two things: 1) that the Allende government does not intend to abide by the electoral decision in the event the opposition wins a majority (all 150 seats in the Chamber of Deputies and half of the fifty in the Senate are at stake) and 2) that no matter who wins, the hard Left is planning a revolutionary takeover.

"The time is ripe for tightening a cord around the bourgeoisie's neck," ran the headline on the cover of the extreme leftist *Punto Final*'s January issue. The lead article openly advocates immediate revolution: "March 4 [election day] is precisely what the bourgeosie is expecting the proletariat to await, a move to force the workers' acceptance of a defeat that, should it occur, would not be a defeat for the workers, but for the hesitations and weaknesses of the reformist posture." The "reformists" are, of course, the Communist Party and the "right wing" of Allende's Socialist Party. The extreme Left, led by Senator Carlos Altamirano, Socialist Secretary General, is at present embodied by the violence-prone MIR (Movimiento Izquierda Revolucionario). The Miristas (with sincerity) and Altamirano (with doubtful sincerity) are right in believing Régis Debray's theory that a slow revolution by legal means is no revolution at all. The Communists, with their international viewpoint, can be calm and "reform" step by step—if they are given time.

In between these two stands Allende, who clearly lost control when last October's general strike forced him to appoint General Carlos Prats Minister of the Interior. Nevertheless, Allende is making use of whatever cunning he has left to give his Popular Unity (UP) coalition some semblance of unity. But few are fooled by the momentary return of white bread, the promised salary raises, or Allende's frequent appearances at the National Stadium sitting between the Communist Party Secretary General and Senator Altamirano. Everybody knows the Marxist line of action will be set by either the extreme Left or the Communists, with Allende in the middle vainly trying to hold on to General Prats's hand until 1976. Will Prats cooperate? No one can say yet.

The Numbers Game

Chile has become a country of befores and afters: before-and-after Allende; before-and-after the March of the Pots and Pans in December 1971; before-and-after the general strike; and now, before-and-after the January 11 speech by Fernando Flores, Minister of Economics and advocate of immediate revolution. In an effort to stop the skyrocketing black market and the chaotic food distribution, Mr. Flores announced a food rationing program—without mentioning the word rationing or informing the three military ministers of the content of his speech. His words and the consequent curtailments of shoppers' and small shopkeepers' freedom to buy and sell polarized Chileans in general and Santiaguinos in particular. In addition, there has been a healthy anti-Allende reaction, and the three military members of the cabinet were conspicuously annoyed—a fact leading to Admiral Huerta's resignation twelve days later. The Flores speech is regarded as the first MIR-Altamirano move to escalate violence.

Though it is not widely known, a Mirista plot to sabotage the elections has been discovered. D-Day for the Mirista revolt was to be February 26. The plans have been known to the armed forces and to several political leaders for weeks; hints have even appeared in the press. The plot could not have succeeded without government collusion—and it didn't. Yet the assassination of any politician at any time could detonate a chain of violence. MIR may yet engineer the death of a Marxist and blame it on the opposition, or it may be content with the death of an important democratic candidate.

But even if the elections come off as planned, Allende has plenty to worry about. With one or two exceptions, all the prominent democrats belong to the middle class, as do most of the future senators and deputies. It is the majority of the middle class, not the waning "reactionaries" of the traditional oligarchy, that disagrees with Allende.

One of the most impressive opposition candidates is Sergio Jarpa, running for the Senate in the province of Santiago. Jarpa's articulate intelligence, his boldness and his unflinching anti-Marxism have brought him to the presidency of the National Party. There are others too—democratic senators, leaders of professional societies, and one or two outstanding stars of the young anti-Marxist intelligentsia. Though most, Jarpa among them, have been threatened or have suffered actual physical attack, none takes it seriously. They certainly do not avoid public appearances or shun their roles as defenders of democracy.

However loudly Allende may hoot, his defeat is at his doorstep—and 51 per cent *for* the combined opposition should be taken as a majority *against* him. The odds are that the opposition will get much more. Marxist and opposition surveys all agree that Allende's

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vote will fall somewhere between 30 and 33 per cent. Others soberly disclaim such results and predict a 35 to 38 per cent pro-Allende vote. The pessimistic give him 42 to 45 per cent.

No one can know—there are too many imponderables. Although Santiago citizens remain alert and active, many in the countryside and smaller cities have given in to despair and may not bother to go to the polls. Overcrowded trains and buses, shortages in most vacation resorts, and the disenchantment of independent leftists with the UP may not be enough to defeat Allende's candidates. And no one should fail to recognize that, whatever the degree of anti-Allendism and UP friction, the electoral hegemony of the Left is still intact.

What the Chilean electorate seems not to understand is that the elections will be a step, not a solution; that for constitutional impeachment of Allende the opposition needs 33 senators—16 incumbents who are not up for reelection and 17 who must win March 4. Fifteen of those are sure, but the two in the balance are vital. The new Democratic Coalition (CODE) may not be powerful enough to tip the scales. And always there is the MIR, whose violence if it is quashed this month may not be stopped the next.

"I Am the President"

"Chile will inevitably continue its march toward socialism—let them know—I am the President elected by the people, confirmed by congress, and my mandate ends in 1976. Nobody will stop me from executing my constitutional obligations," threatened Allende from his National Stadium podium, trumpeting his respect for legality. But then he added: "The workers have CUT [Central Unica de Trabajadores], the people's councils, and other people's power organizations. The workers' conquest of the political and economic power will not be at stake March 4. Whatever the electoral result, the task ahead is very clear and this the people must understand." With these words, Allende virtually destroyed any possibility of Chile taking a democratic road to 1976.

"We will not give up the government if Allende is impeached—not without a civil war," said a Socialist leader privately. "Take a look at the settlements that surround Santiago, Valparaiso, and Viña del Mar," insist wary citizens who try to alert Chileans that the hundreds of MIR-controlled armed encampments are not mirages.

Some observers now predict the Miristas will lay low February 26, then stage their uprising in March, after Allende's defeat. Rumor has it that the issue really splitting the Popular Unity is the date of a Marxist-organized confrontation; that those public rifts involving the new legal plan to speed takeover of the economy, recently approved by the Executive (which the Senate may throw into the ashcan) are mere distractions.

Other rumors—persistent ones—hold that the Communist Party and Allende (allegedly with the cooperation of Prats and most of his chiefs of staff) plan to disband the opposition and institute a military-Marxist government with Allende as a figurehead and the Communists as bosses.

"What crazy conjectures," say the opposition spokesmen. "Even if Prats were the Communists' only viable candidate for the 1976 presidential elections, he would never veer toward Marxism. If anything he is intriguing in his own interests. The armed forces' middle ranks will not swim against the tide or allow blood to flow freely."

"Prats will be shot if he turns his back on the Communists," is the answer.

Conjectures aside, everyone seems to agree that Allende's days are numbered but there is no consensus regarding how and when the Allende regime will be brought down.

"It is public opinion that will overthrow Allende, with or without impeachment. And if the armed forces take a stand against the government, well, that's the government's problem. It was not we who called the armed forces into the political arena," says Jarpa.

"It's the government that is now on the defensive . . .," says a Chilean university professor as he watches his pupils cross over to the opposition.

"A government that in twelve months is able to provoke a 163 per cent inflation has no moral authority to demand sacrifices from the people, and least of all to request their support. With the Chilean people you do not gamble," says the Christian Democrat Party.

"We wish to start a national reconstruction, and that means overthrowing the corrupted in the government, the immoral, those who have betrayed the workers, those who profit from the revolution, and those who have carried hate into the homes of the Chileans and chaos throughout the country," said the Christian Democrat CUT Secretary General after the opposition victory in the latest employee elections at Chuquicamata (nee Anaconda) copper mine. The Marxists had reigned there for thirty years.

"Our worst mistake would be to temporize. We would only find ruins in 1976," adds Jarpa.

Defending What?

Calm in the center of all this is former President Eduardo Frei, a Christian Democrat and a forty-year veteran of Chilean politics. He expects to win his Senate race. "These are the most important elections in the electoral history of Chile, at least of this century; I do not need to explain why to my countrymen—they live in Chile," he says while his peaceful smile wins the women's votes and his campaign concentrates on the reconstruction of the nation—all to the Communists' chagrin. Without the support of Frei and other Christian Democrats, Allende will never be constitutionally able to fulfill his Marxist program. Frei's constant reiteration that his party wants no part in the government disaster has the Communists running around in circles and sending VIP messengers to change his mind. Whether they will eventually succeed in destroying the Democratic Coalition, will depend on the election results.

For the best summation of coming events, I use Allende's own words (again spoken at the National Stadium): "We shall use—should it be necessary and they [the opposition] try to bypass the law—the great tide, the unhindered tide of an organized people, disciplined, aware, and ready to defend their revolution, to defend Chile and the future of the Chileans." You need only to replace the word revolution with the word democracy and you have a vivid description of the same unbending purpose of the anti-Marxist leaders, the guilds, professionals, students, thousands of workers, and men in the street. With two such wills on a collision course, democracy cannot but be on the verge of collapse. Anything else is purely anecdotal. □

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THE BUSING BUST

The Parity Factor

MICHAEL GRANT

In Berkeley this year, as in much of the rest of the country, the subject is race. Berkeleyites are reluctant to discuss it, for theirs has long been the queen city of American liberaldom. The campus riots of the Sixties began here, as did militant black activism. Both Mario Savio and Eldridge Cleaver perfected their oratorical techniques on the steps of Sproul Hall. The antiwar movement set up its base camps here, and students rehearsed in Berkeley's streets in 1968 for Chicago. And Berkeley was the first American city of more than a hundred thousand to institute voluntarily a total program of busing to achieve integration in its public schools.

The Berkeley busing program was held up to the nation as the model of enlightenment, and Berkeleyites congratulated themselves on their superior social sensibilities. The integration problem, they believed, had been licked. Now, four years later, many liberal white and most black parents agree that the experiment has failed—socially and educationally.

On the most basic level, total integration has not achieved its objectives in the elementary schools.

When the busing began, black third-graders in the ghetto schools scored 2.8 on their reading scores, while whites in the Berkeley hill schools scored 4.6 (the national norm was 3.8). In 1971, three years later, integrated black third-graders scored 3.1, while scores rose to 4.8 for whites.

There was, in other words, a small improvement in the black reading scores, as there always is from year to year, but black third-graders, after three years of total integration, and with all the good will in the Bay Area behind them, still lagged the same distance behind whites.

In the high schools, the situation is much worse, for there the failure of education is compounded by the boomeranging of the social ideal.

The original idea, perhaps possible only here in the capital of theoretical liberalism, was that black ghetto students, rubbing elbows with bright, highly motivated white students, would see the beauty of white middle-class standards and begin to perform better. Exactly the reverse happened. Those nice white middle-class highly motivated students embraced the standards of the ghetto, and in the high schools and junior high schools, the hoodlum types became the leaders.

Shakedowns, fights, robberies, bomb threats, and beatings have become the order of the day in Berkeley's high schools. Dope is peddled openly and routinely on school grounds, and sexual abuses during school hours are as common as sock hops used to be in the Fifties. Each month brings a new wave of rapes, faithfully recorded by the *Berkeley Daily Gazette*. A blind girl is raped in the halls of Berkeley High. Another girl, raped on the floor, screams to students passing by for help. They ignore her.

Needless to say, in such an atmosphere very little learning goes on. David DuPree, a black reporter for the *Wall Street Journal*, describes what he saw at Berkeley High when he enrolled as a student. In one classroom students sat around playing records, drinking wine, and smoking marijuana. Students wandered in and out of other classes, which they are free to attend or not, as they choose. (They graduate anyhow.) "They look at all this freedom as meaning you can get something for nothing," one disillusioned educator told DuPree. "They think they're shaking the white man up just hanging around and still graduating."

And shake the white man up they do. But they've also begun to shake the black man up, and the result has been the establishment of black-only "alternative schools."

The two most controversial of these "alternative schools," financed with $3.6 million in federal funds, are Black House, a high school staffed by blacks for blacks only, and Casa de la Raza, a kindergarten-through-high school, the walls of which are decorated with Cuban posters lauding the NLF and such homilies as "All Power Comes from the Barrel of a Gun."

While the move toward resegregation is hardly laudable, it's perfectly understandable. Black parents have become increasingly convinced since the inauguration of the city's massive busing program that their children are not benefiting from integration as the liberal educationists claimed they would.

Superintendent of Berkeley Schools Richard Foster, in quintessentially sappy liberal educationese, summed up the philosophy which is leading to resegregation. "Once you begin to discuss *true* integration, you must realize that people have degrees of equality, so they come into a relationship as equals. If we are going to have the kind of democracy that I think we have to have, we must overhaul the opportunities for the poor, the blacks, the Chicanos, in order to insure the parity factor."

Which seems to mean that blacks and other minorities must receive special treatment. But this is precisely what black parents *don't* want for their children. What they want is more, not less discipline; more, not less homework; more, not less forced attendance. Black schools run by black teachers who understand and can control black students now seem to black Berkeley parents the only alternative to the complete disorganization of their children's lives.

There's an unpleasant old saying that whatever goes on in Berkeley at any given moment provides a preview of coming attractions for the rest of the country. If so, the flight from integration in Berkeley may signal a national retreat from the notion of integration as a panacea for the educational plight of black ghetto students. When it doesn't work after four years of effort in the nation's most liberal city, it's doubtful that it could even begin to work in places like Detroit or New York, where there is much less concern expressed by white liberal parents over the parity factor. □

Mr. Grant is a longtime observer of the Berkeley scene.

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THE EXCLUSIONARY RULE

Justice in Chains

W. J. THORNTON

"WHAT'S in your pocket?" the policeman asks. "Grass," the young man replies, pulling out two bags of marijuana.

An open-and-shut case? So the policeman supposes, as he makes the arrest. But the court rules that the evidence was illegally obtained: The young man had submitted to the authority of the policeman; therefore the marijuana does not, legally speaking, exist, and the charge is dismissed.

This breathtaking piece of logic is based on the Exclusionary Rule, created by the United States Supreme Court in 1914. Also known as the Weeks Doctrine, or the Suppression Doctrine, it was intended to protect our Fourth Amendment right to be safe from "unreasonable searches and seizures" by excluding illegally obtained evidence from criminal trials. In *Mapp* v. *Ohio* (1961), the Court found that it applied in state as well as federal prosecutions. Its subsequent application has been rigorous. Let us look at some police actions which, under the principle of exclusion, have been found to fall into the category of "unreasonable searches and seizures."

➤ In a recent California case, police had inspected the defendant's trash after collection, by prearrangement with the collectors, and found marijuana. The California Supreme Court ruled this an illegal search and seizure, thus reversing the decision of the Court of Appeals, which had reversed the decision of the trial court, which had reversed its own pretrial ruling. Meanwhile, the Wyoming Supreme Court supported the action of the police involved in a practically identical case. California appealed its own case to the United States Supreme Court, which finally vacated the judgment of the California court, on the grounds that the basis of that judgment had not been made clear. Given the judicial confusion, it is asking a great deal to expect the police to apply the principle of exclusion to their everyday duties.

➤ In another California case, uniformed officers knocked at the door of a suspect in order to execute an arrest warrant, and were admitted at once by the suspect's wife. Marijuana lay in plain view, and they arrested the man. But his conviction was reversed; for under California law, the police must not only knock, but also explain, *before* entering, the purpose of their visit. Section 844 of the California Penal Code states that the police may "break open the door or window" after giving proper notice, but, according to this case, entering, even after being invited, when proper notice is not given, constitutes breaking.

➤ A young girl in New Hampshire was murdered by a man who, according to witnesses, drove a 1951 Pontiac. After a great deal of circumstantial evidence pointed to a suspect, the state attorney general issued a search warrant for the suspect's home and car. After the suspect's wife gave the officers a .22 caliber rifle similar to the murder weapon, they arrested him in his home, and seized his '51 Pontiac on the way out. Vacuum sweepings proved that the victim had been in his car, and he was convicted by the New Hampshire courts. Under New Hampshire law, the state attorney general is a magistrate, and has the authority to issue search warrants; but the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that he is not a "neutral and unattached magistrate" as required by the Constitution. The search warrant he had issued was declared invalid; the sweepings were excluded from evidence; the suspect was freed.

Chief Justice Warren Burger commented that the case "illustrates graphically the monstrous price we pay for the Exclusionary Rule in which we seem to have imprisoned ourselves." And the late Justice Hugo Black, renowned for his dedication to civil rights, said of this decision: "By invoking this rule-making power not found in the words but somewhere in the 'spirit' of the Fourth Amendment, the Court has expanded the Amendment beyond recognition."

In creating the Exclusionary Rule, the Supreme Court intended to deter the police from unlawful conduct and to protect a citizen's right to be secure from "unreasonable searches and seizures." All other attempts to attain these ends had failed, so the Court at last ruled that a defendant in a criminal case had the right to have illegally seized evidence excluded from use against him. "It should deter overzealous police," said the Court in *Mapp*, ". . . nothing else has." This wording makes it clear that the Exclusionary Rule exists only for lack of an effective alternative.

Chief Justice Burger has suggested that Congress supply just such an alternative: "I can only hope now that Congress will manifest a willingness to view realistically the hard evidence of the half-century history of the Suppression Doctrine revealing thousands of cases in which the criminal was set free because the constable blundered and virtually no evidence that the victims of police error . . . have been afforded meaningful redress." The Chief Justice suggested that no evidence be excluded because of violations of the Fourth Amendment, and recommended "the creation of a cause of action for damages sustained by any person aggrieved" by such violations.

BUT A FURTHER point must be made about what constitutes "damages." Consider another California case:

A highway patrolman stopped a car for having no rear license plate. The driver alighted voluntarily, and it transpired that not only had his driver's license expired, but also that the car was registered in Colorado under a different name. With the driver's permission, the patrolman searched the car; he found a bag of marijuana, and arrested the man. But the charge was dropped at the preliminary hearing, when the court ruled that the defendant had been detained longer than necessary. The patrolman, said the court, should have released the driver as soon as he had ticketed him for the license-plate, driver's-license, and registration violations.

The defendant would probably have been convicted but for the Exclusionary Rule. There would be no grounds for a civil suit, however, because there were no *damages* resulting from the search itself. For while the Fourth

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Amendment decrees that a person shall be secure from unreasonable searches, it does not protect him from subsequent arrest and conviction. Although a policeman should be held responsible for making an illegal search, he cannot be blamed for the presence of incriminating evidence; that would be, in effect, to hold him liable for the commission of the crime itself. Therefore arrest and conviction resulting from the search cannot be considered damages.

Nor is it only the police who are frustrated by the Exclusionary Rule. Citizens wishing to report offenses sometimes find it useless to do so without having first met some exacting specifications. For example:

A gas station attendant notified the California Highway Patrol that a customer had just offered to sell him some marijuana. A patrolman stopped a car matching his description, and found two men with a 15-year-old girl. He arrested the girl as a runaway and the two men for contributing to her delinquency, then he searched the car and found narcotics. The Highway Patrol continued the investigation, and determined that the attendant who reported the sale attempt had a good reputation and was a reliable informant; but since the patrolman hadn't known this at the time of the arrest, it was ruled at the preliminary hearing that the attendant was not a qualified informant, and that the arrest was unjustified. All the charges were dropped.

Another effect of the Exclusionary Rule is the increasing congestion in the courts. Justice George Brown of the California Court of Appeals has said: "I have no doubt that it has led to a glut of cases in the courts caused by a multiplicity of challenges to the methods by which evidence was obtained at every stage of the criminal proceedings. While most of these challenges are unsuccessful, I am convinced that the amount of court time consumed in the consideration and disposition of such contentions is so large as to be one of the principal causes of our current backlog and our overworked courts."

One notable instance of an unsuccessful challenge occurred during the trial of Sirhan B. Sirhan for the assassination of Senator Robert Kennedy. The prosecution introduced notebooks, taken from Sirhan's home, which contained such scribblings as "Robert Fitzgerald Kennedy must die," in order to prove that Sirhan's actions were premeditated; the defense contended that the notebooks were obtained illegally, and should be excluded from evidence. After a great deal of deliberation the notebooks were admitted, and Sirhan was found guilty; but the trial took ten months, and cost the taxpayers of Los Angeles County over $1 million.

Some supporters of the Exclusionary Rule hold that, although its elimination would relieve congestion in the criminal courts, the burden would merely be transferred to the already congested civil courts. But according to Pat Mallen, Deputy District Attorney in Ontario, California, this is unlikely: "The plaintiff in a civil action would have to prove damages, which may be extremely difficult, and would most likely eliminate the vast majority of the suits."

Senator Lloyd Bentsen (D., Tex.) has introduced Bill S2657, which, if passed, would replace the Exclusionary Rule with civil action against the United States Government as a mode of redress against illegal search and seizure. This bill is meeting with some resistance, almost exclusively from defense attorneys. "Small wonder," says Deputy District Attorney Mallen. "Defense attorneys build up a reputation by getting their clients acquitted, regardless of innocence or guilt, and the Exclusionary Rule is their main tool for accomplishing this objective."

Our society has been paying a high price for its Fourth Amendment protection, and in paying this price, the Exclusionary Rule has become justice's greatest injustice. The New Jersey Supreme Court, ruling recently on the validity of a search warrant, put the point well: "We must be mindful that the contest is not between the state and the individual. The contest is wholly between the competing rights of the individual—the right to be protected from criminal attack and several rights in the Amendments. When Truth is suppressed and the criminal set free, the pain of suppression is felt, not by the inanimate state or by some penitent policeman, but by the offender's next victims for whose protection we hold office. In that way, *Mapp* [the Exclusionary Rule] denies the innocent the protection due them." □

Mr. Thornton, a lifetime resident of California, has long been interested in constitutional law—its application and perversion.

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LETTER FROM NEW DELHI

Detente on the Subcontinent

S. R. TURNER

FOR THE first time since the Indo-Pakistani war of 1971, relations between India and the United States are approaching what the headline writers call "normalization." That is, although relations are not likely to be really friendly in the near future, they are getting better. Short of suspending diplomatic relations they could hardly have been worse.

Angered by the Nixon Administration's policy during the war, India went on an unprecedentedly strong anti-American binge. In addition to the obvious cooling of relations at the diplomatic level, petty harassment of American residents was stepped up. Tapped phones have long been a way of life for foreigners living in India, but until recently the mail was considered relatively safe, with only an occasional letter being opened en route. Now it is the occasional letter that arrives intact. In addition to the increased surveillance, the vast GOI (Government of India) bureaucracy has been busy formulating new sets of regulations designed to make life even more difficult. The net effect has been to discourage American tourists and to encourage resident Americans to leave. Many U.S. aid programs, both governmental and private, are being phased out and the once sizable American community in New Delhi is shrinking daily.

The most visible manifestation to the average Indian of the GOI's anti-Americanism has been propaganda about the activities, real and imagined, of the Central Intelligence Agency. The CIA has, of course, long been a favorite scapegoat of Third World governments, but in India in the past year there has been what amounts to mass hysteria on the subject. (My favorite CIA "plot" was the claim that paper records and plastic phonographs were being dropped by parachute in order to spread American propaganda.) Nevertheless some of the opposition parties soon came to realize that the CIA frenzy was primarily benefiting Mrs. Gandhi's government and, in an effort to discredit her, began to ask for substantiation of the rumors. Since there is no evidence, the government ended up losing face.

Losing the CIA issue did not, of course, turn Mrs. Gandhi at once toward more cordial relations with the United States, but whatever her reasons, she apparently felt it was time to send out peace feelers. The first of these was a telegram from Mrs. Gandhi to Mr. Nixon congratulating him on his re-election, an especially friendly gesture considering what must have been her feelings on the outcome. Mr. Nixon wired back his thanks. Since the telegram exchange—trivial as it may seem to observers—there has been a marked improvement in relations.

The most dramatic sign of this has been the overdue appointment of a new American ambassador. The post had been empty since Kenneth Keating resigned last summer and the symbol of Roosevelt House, the imposing embassy residence, standing vacant all these months has not been lost on the Indians. So the appointment of Daniel P. Moynihan, no ordinary diplomat but a distinguished intellectual, is seen as a clear sign that Mr. Nixon places a high priority on re-establishing good relations with India.

THE GOI, for its part, is interested in easing tensions for many reasons. The most obvious is wheat. Nowhere has the so-called Green Revolution been heralded as it has in India, and with good reason. India's progress in food production has been so dramatic that, in a land where mass starvation was once considered the natural order of things, there is now the danger of overconfidence. Overconfidence led Mrs. Gandhi to claim, in the course of the postwar election campaign, that India was finally self-sufficient in food. Mrs. Gandhi had not anticipated the 1972 monsoon in central India, one of the worst in recent history, and the drought which has now reached emergency proportions in the states of Maharashtra, Rajasthan, Andhra Pradesh, and Mysore. "Self-sufficiency" has been dropped in favor of the vaguer "self-reliance," and imports have begun once again.

The necessity to import food has always rankled India's pride. Under PL 480, the Food for Peace Plan, India purchased American food grains with rupees. Since rupees are worthless outside India the "sales" were regarded, with good reason, as an American dole, and India has long sought an opportunity to withdraw from the program. Postwar anger at the United States and the spurious claim of self-sufficiency provided the opportunity. India is now committed to paying for its imports in foreign currency. Recently a purchase of a million metric tons of grain from Canada, Argentina, and the U.S. was announced, and more will be needed. There are other import needs besides grain, and it is doubtful that India can afford enough of its limited foreign exchange to stem the current famine.

THE TIMING of the grain purchase together with the probability that payment was made in "soft" dollars instead of foreign currency has led to the widespread belief here that the improvement in relations with the U.S. has been engineered solely in order to restore food imports. This belief is at best an oversimplification. The new developments in Indo-American relations must be viewed in the context of recent Indian foreign policy as a whole. A main goal of that policy has been to stabilize India's postwar diplomatic position in the subcontinent and the world. The new detente with the U.S. is a part of that policy, but only a part. The same month that saw the Moynihan appointment and the grain sale also saw India and Pakistan exchange prisoners of war and establish a truce line in Kashmir, which has so far been observed by both sides. Despite this encouraging development, however, the tensions created by the war are still a long way from being resolved, but a cautious optimism for the peaceful future of the India subcontinent is in the air.

A similar optimism is possible with regard to future relations between India and the United States. □

Mr. Turner is a former resident of India, now studying in the States.

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RUSSELL KIRK

COG Widens the Gap

THE VARIETIES of religious experience are many, and some of them are baneful. "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God: because many false prophets are gone out into the world."

Among the false prophets of this decade are the leaders of an organization called the Children of God, which professes itself "a young disciple army." COG's headquarters lie in Dallas, and "major branches" are listed in some 48 cities all over the world, among them Lima, Auckland, Amsterdam, Nuremberg, Edinburgh, Rome, Tokyo, and Kingston (Jamaica, presumably). There are believed to be about two thousand members of COG, the large majority young Americans; the group seems to have shifted most of its disciples—or captives—to foreign parts, under pressure from outraged parents.

COG falls within the large category of "Jesus Freak" sects, but any resemblance to the more sincere and genuine evangelicals of the Jesus Movement is deceptive. What do COG disciples do? Why, they surrender all their goods and chattels to COG; they live in tumbledown communes; and they testify. Their testimony sometimes is mumbled, and sometimes hysterical; they appear, usually, to be under the influence of either narcotics or hypnotism.

"Love" is much on the lips of COG votaries, but actually their principal teaching is hatred of one's parents, a doctrine perverted from certain passages in the New Testament. They court persecution—always a useful tool for uniting any eccentric sect—and set society at defiance. They closely resemble the vagrant bands of dirty and dangerous religious enthusiasts who appeared near the close of the Middle Ages; indeed they have had their counterparts in every age when the moral and the social order have been disrupted.

COG specializes in luring neurotic or bewildered young people away from parental influence—perhaps forever. COG preaches a Children's Crusade, but with no Saracen adversary. COG's happiest hunting grounds appear to be the campuses of evangelical Christian colleges, and the vicinity of "fundamentalist" churches: Heresy always feeds upon smug orthodoxy. But COG does not have this field to itself; parents accuse several other "religious" cults, spawned by inner and outer disorder, of parallel tactics with boys and girls—the Alamo Christian Foundation, the Love-In (New York), Love of Seattle, Love Israel of Seattle, Truth and Light (Colorado), Scientology, and the Lord only knows what other varieties of freakery.

What happened to friends of mine, a married couple in California, may illustrate sufficiently what COG and similar groups do to their prey. My friends were almost perfect parents—highly intelligent, humorous, neither too permissive nor too strict with their children, to whom they paid plenty of attention. There was no generation gap—until their eldest son accepted an athletic scholarship and went off to attend a Protestant college in the Middle West.

There he was assigned as roommate a Jesus Freak of the COG variety. The roommate convinced the boy from California that his parents (whom the Freak never had beheld) were hypocrites and scoundrels. After some months, the boy appeared in California, filthy, ragged, and wild with some drug. He cursed his parents, proclaimed his own righteousness, said that they never would see him again, and disappeared. They have searched for him earnestly: no trace. He had been a strong, handsome boy, a high-school athlete, with admirable manners; when he left his parents forever, he did not appear to be long for this world.

The two thousand victims of COG are young people like this boy whom I knew. Generally they seem to be boys and girls with some money in the bank and other goods, chosen because they may be plundered; it is still better if their parents have money. COG solicits "love offerings" from parents, suggesting that if dad and mom cough up, COG may furnish them with the present addresses of their lost children. Those addresses, nevertheless, are difficult to obtain, and COG goes to extraordinary lengths to lure back any members who visit their old homes, or who permit their parents to visit them in their communes.

Bereaved parents have formed their own organization, Parents To Free Our Sons and Daughters from Children of God. In San Diego, they have established a center for "de-programing"—that is, redeeming such young people as have escaped from COG's clutches but who remain all at sea. The de-programing may take months, for COG's "disciples" appear to have been systematically brainwashed. How far hypnotism and narcotics are deliberately employed by groups of COG's stamp is difficult to determine; certainly COG disciples stumble round like zombies.

A MAD world, my masters: But then, it often has been mad. In the Children's Crusade of 1212, the hysterical boy Stephen led thousands of French boys and girls down to Marseilles. There they were taken aboard ship by two merchants, called Hugh the Iron and William the Pig. No more was heard of these innocents for eighteen years; then it was discovered that Hugh the Iron and William the Pig had sold the lot of them into Algerian slavery. Some years later, the Emperor Frederick II caught pious Hugh and William in a Sicilian robbers' roost, and hanged the pair—not least because they had taken money from the Saracens to kidnap *him*.

Some American parents would dearly love to hang the "brothers and sisters" who run COG; I might tug on the rope myself. What are the motives of such "religious" organizers? Why, power over minds and bodies; and the gratification of being a successful fell spirit. More crimes are committed in the name of religion than even in the name of liberty, and these unfortunate young people would have been luckier had they been dominated by some honest atheist. None of Stephen's little children returned home from Africa; few of COG's disciples may come sane out of the communes. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

Norman Bombs

He's fifty now: I figure he can be taken. Hell, I've got twenty years on him. The legs are gone: still a puncher maybe, but no moves left. I lean on the balcony rail, watching for Norman Mailer at his own birthday party. Someone has given me a cretinous cigar; it burns, stinking, like a length of dumbwaiter rope. The Four Seasons. Imagine the sheer stodge of it. Faces are predictable: Plimpton, McCarthy, Breslin. Might as well be George McGovern's uninaugural ball. The place is all rectangles of heavy wood. Light ripples down the mile-high drapes: bulbs rushing on/off, on/off along an old Loew's marquee. The liquor is free, but hard to come by. Two tenders in a bar as wide as the Madison Square Garden ring. My wife has offered her virtue for a gin and tonic; no takers. I'm sober. I scan poopwards from the Four Seasons' bridge. Where is Norman?

My wife points down. I've been flicking my cigar on Norman's head. The metaphor comes easily to hand; I pinch it between thumb and forefinger. Norman as butt, half-smoked, out. His hair is ragged ash. Some muscular shape, wrapped in fine leaf: a stocky blunt, certainly not a panatella. There is a haze around him of unaired rooms and smolder. The photographers come in at nine o'clock low. Negative, positive, negative: The flashes hurt, quick third-degree burns. Later Norman will say he knows how Nixon can stand it: "Our President has gristle behind the retinas." *The bud of his blossoming tonsure goggles up at me. I aim the cigar: flick, flick.* My American dream. Norman has some great surprise for his people tonight. They've paid a buck per couple for every year of his life. At those prices, it damn well better be good.

In case it isn't, people eat. The quiche lorraine is inhaled, not chewed. *I'm hung up on the spaetzle:* muted crepitations between the teeth. Pizza with musky anchovies. Sops of strong corn bread. The wine cellar, behind thick glass, is an arsenal: Ack-ack shells, immense fire power stored there. In the kitchen aristocratic trout swim, waiting to be taken by tumbrels to the block. There is a certain huge cake: a leather drawstring purse. It amazes me. They smith chocolate as if it were fine gold at the Four Seasons. Outside, reporters interview other reporters. The

famous are crushed to anonymity. I tell Marian Javits that she is beautiful, as advertised. She responds graciously. I mention NATIONAL REVIEW. She is not gracious: Furls paranoia around her, says something about the CIA, and *walks into a palm tree.*

It's time now. The crowd is reluctant: You take Norman seriously as a writer, not seriously at all otherwise. They smell a flop cooking. Jimmy Breslin squashes the lectern to introduce Mailer. He has a hunchbacked front: as if plumped in place by some paradigmatic bar's edge. Irish, Lord save us. An ugly St. Patrick's day, the lion of March, wet, cold wind blowing under the skirts of drum majorettes, into tubas. He assaults the crowd. It won't get quiet. "A man whose words will be read a hundred years from now. The best thinker of our time." And you wonder, is Breslin saying the same thing: It better be good, Norman, or I'll retract. "Norman Mailer," he says, "who is fifty today."

And Norman comes on. A knuckled smile wrings out his face again and again. Breslin is helpful: He removes Norman's Scotch and water. Norman panics; he applies judo pressure to Breslin's thumb pad, gets the drink back. He is pretty much blotto by now, switched on to emergency neurons. He anchors one foot, digging in, shoulders slewed around, front man on a tug-of-war side. His fat ears come through his hair like ryebread rinds. He is boyish. He always has been a boy, bar-mitzvahed artificially by style and terrific energy. His head is immense: Norman must have eight inches at least, hat size. He begins to talk. Good grief: pharaonic expenditure, a thousand people, quiche lorraine, and he hasn't prepared a damn thing. Just one dirty joke. It's good enough. We laugh.

WHAT IS he saying? Hard to tell exactly: Norman is all timing and no delivery. He attacks the press; then swears to defend it with his body. He's come up with "the best political idea of my life." But he won't get to the point. Something has dawned on his boyishness: wrong time, wrong place, wrong people. Norman is defensive, begins to fumble. What he wants, see. . . . A foundation. Steering committee. Get up some money. A news conference at the Algonquin tomorrow. He doesn't want to lead—too vain for that. The credibility gap. 1965. Lyndon B. Johnson . . . Glasses begin to clink impatience . . . Find out if there is a plot against us or three plots or no plot. Who really killed John Kennedy? The Eagleton plot. Then it comes out, a democratic secret police. Preserve me: *It's the night-riders of the Left.*

I'm embarrassed for Norman. I turn away. He's made a thunderous, stupid miscalculation. You won't lead this

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crowd to the barricades, not unless they can sit in the dress circle. Only cleavages are radical: long, ivory flanks of breast. Men finger ruffled shirts, as though Norman had mussed them somehow. He asks for honest criticism. Silence. The politeness is terrible. Some have left already. Others calculate: What does $50 worth of spaetzle come to? Six bushels. Better work it off in Scotch. The press is aghast: nothing to write about. The best thinker of our time has come up with a non-idea. They hurry after Eugene McCarthy. Norman climbs down. A great man in many ways—a man I sometimes admire—but he has herniated himself laying this egg.

Two A.M. Broken glass rebreaks underfoot. Cigarette butts go to mulch around a potted palm. The Four Seasons' staff is impeccably patient. A drunk plays Alphonse-Gaston with his mirror image. My wife is in the kitchen, thumbing through pastries. I climb a staircase. Norman is above, talking. He's worked off his fifty bucks and half of mine. He rocks back/forward, medicine-ball belly roosting on him, but his sea legs are in control. He seems to be holding people up, gun hand protrusive in his tux pocket: a kind of outrigger for his balance. Then he raises both arms. A flash. Another flash. It's an eerie hallucination. The short man. Large head, dynamic cocky leg straddle. By God . . . Norman is their Richard Nixon. □

THEATER EAST

GARY JAY WILLIAMS

Broadway Blue Chips

If the Penn Central ran with the regularity of a Neil Simon or Jean Kerr comedy, it could run forever. Simon's new *Sunshine Boys* and Kerr's new *Finishing Touches* probably will. They are as dependable a shuttle between known points and familiar destinations as you could want. When you want to go a greater distance, try another line.

In one dark moment Jean Kerr's familiar harried heroine sits, in deck shoes and trench coat, on the stone ledge of her fireplace, contemplating the chaos of her 1970s day which has ended with a note on *Peanuts* stationery from her English-professor husband of forty, telling her he has just driven off for a weekend with the svelte young woman their graduate son brought home from Harvard. She quotes from a poem—perhaps Millay—on the death of love, not from thunderbolts, but stung to death by gnats.

It is Jean Kerr's special mode to create domestic episodes out of the mock-heroic survival of the quiet daily desperations and for this there is an enormous appreciation, even thirst, in her audiences. Her characters are honest and unpretentious about their own confusions, and have no illusions about their cosmic size, often affecting laconic self-mockery to adjust their eyes after some blur of shifting values or double standards. Some homey sensibility, we are given to believe, remains in focus as long as we don't take ourselves too seriously. The wayward husband returns twenty minutes into his tryst, having glimpsed his folly in the moment he stopped en route to buy antacid tablets. Damned precarious. Pray for Rolaids, pray for us—but salable situation comedy, and in Kerr no adjustment of self-importance is aimless. For it may allow what Kerr prizes most, what she sometimes brings to us out of the slip-covered clutter like a careful, personal treasure—a latent but resilient capacity for care of the simplest order. Kerr's wit craft at its best is the means of daily prevailing between discoveries of small pockets of such care. Certainly it is that which distinguishes her work from Neil Simon's.

She does seem unable to resist reaching for the fool's gold of sentimentality: "Mommy, where does the white go when the snow melts?" is not lost innocence, it's discrimination abandoned, if not adulthood. But only momentarily. When adulthood most needs it, Kerr can neatly wilt the self-important bloom. Mother: "Do you go to church anymore?" Graduate son: "I don't get anything out of it." Mother: "What'd you expect—a good tan?" A nice elbow to the panting 1970s. Too often Kerr's one-liners come clacking out of the mouth of only a Smith-Corona. Playgoer's quiz—which is Kerr and which Simon: "Where's my raincoat?" "It's not raining!" "It is on channel five." Clickety-clack. "The man came to fix the washer today. He said it needs a whole new unit. That's what I need—a whole new unit." Clickety-clack. Both craft but both Kerr; I know because my note cards are labeled.

Finishing Touches already has the look of summer stock and, as a play, there is probably no special reason why this should be one. A real stage does little more for this than a real screen, though I had the feeling the stage designer thought he should be doing *something* when he had *real* rain fall on the *real* stone patio. But Barbara Bel Geddes is the most vulnerable suburban mother and there is design to Kerr's wit craft at its best. And there is that quality of care, which is why her audiences care about Kerr, very much I think.

Neil Simon is known as an efficiency expert. His play is about two elderly vaudevillians, the Sunshine Boys, brought together after a long breach to do their classic doctor sketch for a TV comedy special. Playgoer's quiz—which is vaudeville and which is Simon: Clark: "You went to medical school?" Lewis: "I passed Columbia." Clark: "Maybe you shoulda gone in." Clickety-clack. Lewis: "I hear your blood don't circulate." Clark: "It circulates. Not everywhere. But it circulates." Right, both Simon. Clickety-craft.

There are a few times in this, Simon's twelfth play since 1960, when there seems to be some human resonance somewhere in the patter. Emerging from the interesting situation Simon now creates, and almost—almost—giving depth to his situation comedy, is

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the deeply human pride of these two professional comics, now old men, who can barely admit to each other that they want to get together again, let alone agree on where the props are to be placed for the doctor sketch. That this emerges as well as the laffs, we can be grateful to the ethos of Jack Albertson and Sam Levene as Lewis and Clark. After Clark's thirty-year-old nephew-agent brings the two together to rehearse in an old actors' hotel, we want to wave him kindly out of the room, as they do, for there is something of importance to be fought out here. What these men discover is a little like what is said by the TV announcer who introduces the Sunshine Boys saying, "Lewis without Clark would be like laughter without joy." There is something more important between them than laffs. Without that, I think we'd wave nephew Neil Simon out of the room.

IN 25 WORDS OR LESS: Circle in the Square's *Medea* was a more pretentious than significant revival, but you may want to look into their already well booked *Uncle Vanya* in May, with George C. Scott and Nicol Williamson. . . . Thank you IBM for the three-hour television *Much Ado* of A. J. Antoon (though you sounded a little sanctimonious about it all). The original theatrical spirit seemed lost, though, in a too-literal medium. □

THEATER WEST

W. I. SCOBIE

Mini-Mass

There are not one, nor two, but three Leonard Bernstein *Masses* extant, it seems. California is presently rejoicing in version C, the mini-Mass, which Mr. Bernstein himself says "has the quality of a brand-new work." A revamping and reduction of the grandiose A version which enthralled everyone but the critics at the dedication of the Kennedy Center has produced a spectacle that is probably quite loud and large enough for most tastes, although it deploys a mere sixty actors, singers, and dancers instead of the original cast of thousands (well, two hundred). It is, even in this form, the biggest project yet undertaken by Los Angeles' theatrical pride and joy, the Mark Taper Forum.

So, what do we see? First, a set by Peter Wexler that lights up like sunset in the Grand Canyon, all galleries for heavenly choirs and ramps for dancers to romp on; and, at center stage front, inches from the audience's collective nose, what looks like a giant spittoon filled with sand. This is intended for an altar, at which the star of the show, intended for a priest, will celebrate Mass. The Celebrant—so the text refers to him—is assailed by Doubt, in the shape of a chorus of Street People, vivaciously garbed in Beverly Hills boutique style, who taunt him in rather undistinguished doggerel: "God said that sex should repulse/ Unless it leads to results/ And so we crowd the world/ With consenting adults."

This understandably drives the Celebrant mad, and as he proceeds toward his dark night of the soul, the Street People add to his troubles by burying him under a mass of ever-gaudier religious drag, intended, I suppose, to represent the subversion of "pure" religion by religious institutions. At last the poor fellow can take no more, but so far from collapsing beneath the weight, he zooms up in full fig to the topmost ramp and hurls down chalice and crucifix at the altar, shattering them and narrowly missing members of the cast, who drop to the floor and remain there in sensible silence. The quadraphonic speakers blast forth celestial discords, the audience is wowed and it's the biggest thing of the kind since Victor Mature pulled down the temple of Dagon for Cecil B. De Mille.

The Celebrant now flips completely out, dances on the altar, and tears off his robes, informing the Street People that "There is nothing but me under this/ Take a look, put it on you'll see/ Any one of you can be me." He has an epileptic seizure in the sandbox and exits through the audience, dribbling, leaving everyone feeling glad *they're* not religious, even if they do believe there's something funny going on out there somewhere.

Mass is really an anti-Mass, but obviously a work of this nature, dedicated to the memory of a President of the United States, can't end on a downbeat. So matters are wound up by a rather cursory general reconciliation. Choirboys in pink sing *laudate*, pairs of Street People come together, the Almighty is invited to incline his ear, if he hasn't already got the message, and amid a welter of major chords there are embraces of Peace, looks of Peace, kisses of Peace, Peace-gropes, Peace-passes, PAX TECUM! A last injunction from the Celebrant, now in the jeans he wore at the outset, advises us that the Mass is over GO IN PEACE. I understand that originally this boomed from the quadraphonic speakers in the ceiling, as it were from Upstairs. Such are the benefits of reduced pretensions.

THIS IS what we see: What do we hear? In a music-drama, the music is of first importance, but unfortunately Bernstein's melodic gift is not in evidence, and the rest seemed to me the sort of effective, if heavily derivative, kitsch this composer does well. Bored? Play spot-the-influence. Mr. Mahler, meet Mr. Gershwin. Mr. Stravinsky, take a bow. A dash of Gregorian chant. Was that Fifties rock, or Sixties? Lots of fun. Perhaps it is just this juxtaposition of so many conflicting styles—a mishmash of sound and fury signifying not much—that makes *Mass* so unsatisfying. It's not bland enough for *Applause* people, or freaky enough for freaks, or sufficiently straight for effete snobs. And as my neighbor on opening night remarked, the Celebrant is a terrible party-pooper: We appreciate that he has to bore us with his troubles, but did he have to ruin that zippy dance number just as it had gotten moving? Well, E for Effort, everyone—especially Gilbert Price as the Celebrant, a young black actor-singer who is plainly going on to greater things; and choreographer Don McKayle, who has already attained them; and director Gordon Davidson, who has guided *Mass* through all its versions from the start, and yet keeps it fresh.

West Coast critics who saw the Kennedy Center production are unanimous in declaring the reduced format to be superior to the superscope version. Dan Sullivan of the *Los Angeles Times* reports that this *Mass* makes "better sense" than the others: "Reduced to

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Gary Jay Williams *expects to complete work on his PhD in Theater History at Yale this year. . . .* **W. I. Scobie**, *a contributor to the* London Observer, *covers the West Coast scene. . . .* **Nika Hazelton** *plans to announce results of the Delectations contest in her next column.*

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normal size and brought up close so that we can really look at it, the work seems more sincere and less simple-minded." And the *Times*' music critic, Martin Bernheimer, confesses that while he still considers *Mass* to be slick, pretentious, and banal, he "liked it better."

The maestro himself, ever-willing to perform his function as a *monstre sacré*, has risen to the bait in the columns of the *Times*, grumbling that an elitist clique of New York and Los Angeles critics have joined in a plot to disparage his masterpiece: "I hate to use the word conspiracy, but it's almost as if there was some sort of joint prefatory agreement to take substantially the same negative critical line." He adds that 95 per cent of the world press ranged from good to unbelievable—"the Catholic Press went beyond my wildest expectations—I'm just embarrassed to even quote any of it." So everyone is happy. □

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

Mirror for "Homemakers"

Seeing oneself through others' eyes is an extraordinary experience and should be undergone in easy stages to avoid shattering the ego. To see oneself mincing, prancing, simpering, knowing-better, and whatnot—horrors! Admittedly it is salutary, especially when followed by a turn to the better. But how often does that happen? What usually happens is that one stays just the same as ever, but with great self-consciousness which makes it all even worse.

My own contemplation of my living habits (first easy stage) was brought on by reading reports about what America's women ("homemakers," in market-research lingo) think and do about food. Homemakers, it appears, don't make homes as much as they used to. They keep house in a more or less casual manner. During the week, for the family, they cook as quickly as they can, using as many convenience foods as they can afford. For company, however, they will put themselves out and really *cook*, devoting special attention to dessert.

BRIEFLY

Columbia Records says sales of its classical records rose 40 per cent last year, thanks largely to "youth market." Seems classical/rock fusions spark interest in the real thing. . . . Now Columbia hopes to draw rock fans to midnight Radio City Music Hall concert featuring E. Power Biggs, pianist Eugene List, swinging harpsichordist Anthony Newman. . . . Concerts helping Music Hall out of trouble, but good movies still do well there. *1776* had largest advance sale ($1 million), largest one-day gross ($52,000), set seven other records. . . . Coming to Broadway this month: *Nash at Nine*, musical Ogden Nash completed just before his death.

As predicted here, *Mission: Impossible* goes off the air at end of this season; *Gunsmoke*, however, has been renewed. . . . Hooray for Rod Serling: He's launching a new *radio* drama series, *The Zero Hour*, to consist of week-long plays in half-hour episodes. Patty Duke, Howard Duff, and John (Gomez Addams) Astin are featured in the premiere. . . . Movies ahead: Ken Russell (*The Devils*) will do an adaptation of Rabelais' *Gargantua and Pantagruel*; an animated version of *Gulliver's Travels* with the voice of Richard Harris is under way in England; John Wayne's next is *McQ*, a police thriller. . . . Columbia's musical version of James Hilton's *Lost Horizon* looks headed for the stratosphere. Coming soon: *L.H.* jewelry (by Pierre Cardin), perfumes, drapes, bedspreads, coloring books, neckties, body oils. Airplanes?

The studies also note the decline of the American family meal, except on weekends and special occasions. Breakfast is something up for grabs, and, for harassed parents, it is indeed a boon when the little ones are big enough to get their cereal and milk by themselves while their elders gulp down juice (maybe) and coffee (yes). Lunch is no longer a sit-down meal, except on weekends when it combines with breakfast into brunch, which means one less meal to fix. Lunch is another grab-what-you-can-when-you-want-it meal, and everybody accepts this.

Now even dinner is fading away. TV has broken up the dinner table, or at least dinner-table conversation. Their various activities are far more important to kids than eating. Finally, everybody wants his own thing to eat; parental authority having vanished, it is no longer possible to enforce the old dictum, "you eat what's on your plate." More and more food firms take this into account, offering single-helping products so that everybody in a family can be suited as to taste and serving time.

Not that I weep for family meals. On the whole, family meals are ghastly. Small children have to eat with their betters some of the time, in order to learn a modicum of table manners, but the process is no joy to any of the parties concerned. I remember sitting patiently, that is, *outwardly* patiently, while one of my sons rolled a pea from one cheek to the other before deciding to spit it out, with the foreseeable consequences on my and his part.

With teenagers, though pea-rolling is no longer the problem, a family meal is like skating over a volcano about to erupt. The parents' nervous search for non-controversial topics of conversation—the teenagers don't care—is hardly conducive to that warm, relaxed atmosphere, full of friendly, concerned chatter that family meals are supposed to have.

To come back to my self-contemplation: I looked at the way I lived and live, and sure enough, I cook quickly for the family and fuss over guests. And what the surveys say about deserts is equally true.

I know from the experience of years that when you invite people for dinner, you *must* have a dessert, and preferably two. Even people who "never eat dessert" feel deprived if you don't give them dessert, or at least the chance to turn it down. Dessert is a different eating experience, a sensuous one, whereas the other courses are mainly gustatory ones, beyond the obvious satisfaction of hunger.

BUT DESSERTS please not only their consumers. They please their producers even more. The great majority of housewives gets a lift from making desserts for a number of reasons. It satisfies their creative instincts, as we see from the dolling up of even such simple basics as gelatin desserts and cornstarch puddings, and shows that they are not mere household drudges. Since dessert is not essential to a nutritious meal, making it also shows love for those who will eat it, with the unexpressed, but understood reciprocation of love. No woman expects to be loved for a pot roast, but she is sadly disappointed if she is not loved for her cake. □

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BOOKS

Cathleen's Children

FERDINAND MOUNT

States of Ireland
By Conor Cruise O'Brien
Pantheon, 336 pp., $7.95

How many men have needed to endure not only failure but ridicule before they could achieve something of substance? Churchill, Disraeli certainly. Nixon perhaps. And now a far less expected candidate. I can still remember laughing till I cried at Conor Cruise O'Brien's antics in the Congo. The ruddy, convivial face, the impeccable statements of liberal purpose drowned by the tom-toms, the open-necked tropical shirt indicating the Doctor's informality and good will—the gestalt invoked a whole series of macabre inappositions: Pat and Mike in darkest Africa, Mr. Magoo goes to the massacre.

In the intervening years Dr. O'Brien has passed through various other centers of insanity—Nkrumah's Ghana, an American university or two, and finally the Irish Dáil where he is a Labor member. Now suddenly, tempered by age and experience, he has emerged as the most distinguished man in Ireland. Admittedly the competition is not what it was in the days of Burke or Swift. But never has Ireland stood more in need of distinction, both moral and intellectual.

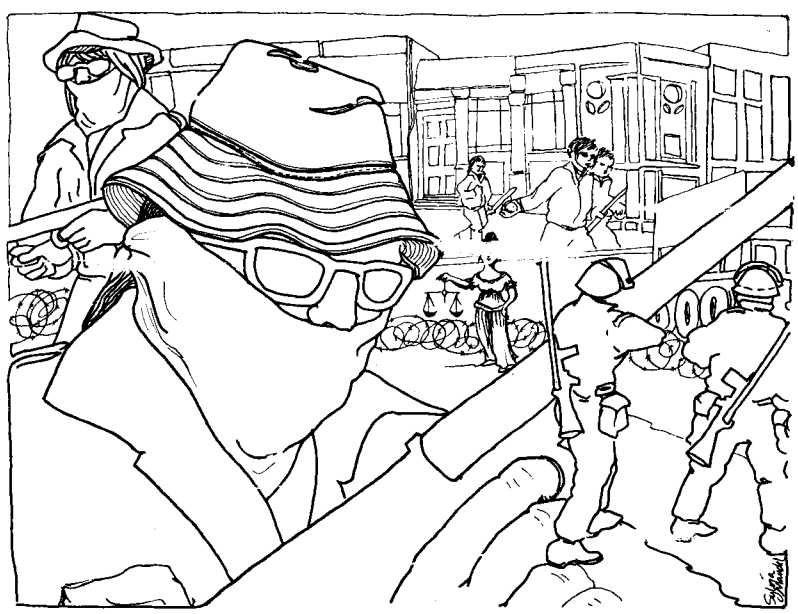
States of Ireland is required reading in the first instance for Senator Edward Kennedy and all the other knee-jerk supporters of the IRA; in the second instance for the far fewer knee-jerk supporters of the Ulster Protestants, mostly in the Bible Belt and the British Conservative Party; and in the third place for everybody else. It is a book of remarkable brilliance and wit but of even more remarkable seriousness. I can think of no higher tribute to a book on Ireland than to say that there is no self-indulgence about it. No rarer tribute either.

As Dr. O'Brien carefully uncovers the tangle of allegiances which has brought the Irish to this murderous pass, we begin to see how they are tortured by the most crucial of all modern political questions: Who are "our people"? Every time the British found the answer to the Irish question, Shaw wisecracked, the Irish changed the question. Not so, the question merely *looked* different.

When the nationalists are trying to attract maximum support, "our people" will include not only all Irish Catholics but also all Protestants who support the cause of independence. When they are talking to the British government about the reunification of Ireland, they will use "our people" to include every inhabitant of the island, including those Protestants who are fiercely opposed to reunification. Charles Parnell, himself a Protestant, said, "We cannot give up a single Irishman." But if Dublin is protesting about the persecution of Catholics by Protestants in Belfast or Londonderry, "our people" whom we must protect are Catholics and only Catholics.

Similarly, on the Protestant side "our people" will vary according to the context. It can mean simply Protestants (including Protestant atheists) or it can mean all those who support the union with Britain whatever their religion, as against the "disloyal elements" who are, it is claimed, hated not for their Catholicism but for their republicanism. But "our people" can also mean the British people as a whole; bewilderingly for Irish Catholics, the Protestants of the North call themselves either British or Irish or both as the occasion arises. Yet always the conflict is between "our people" and "them"; a conflict of tribes which are defined both by religion and by race, each definition hardening the enmity imposed by the other.

You can chart similar complexities of allegiance in the Middle East: Jew-Zionist-Israeli; Pan Arabist-West Bank Arab-Jordanian. American blacks may also face the same kind of problem. But only in Ireland are there quite



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so many non-dovetailing dichotomies. Nothing fits, and so nothing works.

Dr. O'Brien shows brilliantly that weird ability of "our people" *not to see* non-"our people." The objects of so much hatred and suspicion at the same time arouse remarkably little curiosity; "our people" would rather stick with the same dim stereotypes of their adversaries. Dr. O'Brien records how even in his Dublin childhood on the fringes of the Catholic intellectual and professional classes nobody bothered to tell him what the Protestants of the North believed in or even *how many* of them there were. As a result of this willful ignorance, it was possible for most people in the South to imagine the reunification of Ireland without too much protest or bloodshed.

Dr. O'Brien interleaves such personal reminiscences with his account of recent history. This mixture of the subjective and objective is well calculated; only thus can we see how political myth plays upon the individual mind. In Ireland economics are irrelevant, Marxism itself an example of "false consciousness." Demography is the only science that matters: two Protestants for every Catholic in Northern Ireland, 3.5 Catholics for every Protestant in the island as a whole, two Catholics for every Protestant in Londonderry City, two Protestants for every Catholic on Londonderry City Council until the gerrymander was abolished in the recent reforms. Like Helen's face or Jenkins' Ear, these simple facts are the stuff of legend and the kindling of war.

AND WHAT legends they are! If violence and paranoid hatred are the devil, then the devil does indeed have all the best tunes. As I write this review, my wife with not a drop of Irish blood in her veins is singing "The Wild Colonial Boy" in the kitchen. "Romantic Ireland's dead and gone,/It's with O'Leary in the grave." Nonsense, romantic Ireland's alive and sick in the Bogside.

Yeats himself revived for his generation Cathleen Ni Houlihan, the mythic embodiment of Ireland, the mother who thirsts for the sacrificial blood of her children. In this morning's papers I read the speech delivered by Mrs. Maire Drumm, Acting President of Sinn Fein, at the meeting to commemorate the first anniversary of Bloody Sunday in Londonderry: "Self-sacrifice is giving with no vision of return, the base of goodness, the soul's purifier, and the path of Christ. . . . No surrender, no ceasefire, no truce. We must win and we will win." Cathleen is still calling her children.

What this book does best of all is to show how the shadows of Cathleen and of William of Orange lock the moderates as well as the extremists into their frozen attitudes. On the republican side, there remains the feeling that, despite all the qualifications that history offers, it was the IRA which achieved the independence of the South. Thus the people of Eire, however prosperous and pacific, feel a residual, slumbering sympathy toward the IRA's mission in the North. To awaken that loyalty, the IRA has to put on a good show. It also has to satisfy the ultracrepidarian ferocity of the American Fenians. In the Catholic ghettos of the North this mutual egging on intensifies into what O'Brien calls the "foment/control system." In order to control the mob, your own cadre has to show that it can make more trouble, kill more soldiers, extract more concessions from the security forces than the other bunch.

The Provisionals' claim to support is based entirely on its readiness to outviolence the Official wing of the IRA. How then can the Provisionals lay down their arms, for peace would entail their eclipse? Similar foment/control systems exist on the Protestant side. Dr. O'Brien tells us less about them because he knows less about them. He says plainly that he shares the feelings of his own community, that his is the account of a Southern Irish Catholic and that it will be denounced as such by Unionists. I can only say as an English Protestant of Anglo-Irish extraction that he comes as near the truth as any one man can hope.

O'Brien quotes Sartre's dictum that there are no privileged observers. No, but there are honest observers. And there are brave men too. What emerges from this book is that there are all too few of them in Ireland with the courage to step outside the comfortable womb of their own community and to try unremittingly to see what is happening and to tell the truth about it. To do this in Ireland is to court not only public obloquy but private hatred, to risk not only a stoning in the streets but turning to stone the hearts of your oldest friends. Dr. O'Brien has taken that risk. But how many others will dare to rebuke Cathleen as Yeats did?

Too long a sacrifice
Can make a stone of the heart. □

Ferdinand Mount *is chief editorial writer for the* London Daily Mail. . . . *At 18* **S. L. A. Marshall** *was the youngest AEF officer to command an infantry company in World War I.* . . . **Ronald De Feo***'s criticism and short stories have appeared in numerous journals.* . . . **Kevin Phillips**, *a veteran syndicated columnist, runs the American Political Research Corporation.*

Soldier
By Anthony B. Herbert, Lt. Col., Ret., with James T. Wooten
Holt, 498 pp., $10.95

A FOUL BALL STRIKES OUT

S. L. A. MARSHALL

Controversial is not the right word for Anthony B. Herbert. There are only extreme views of him. To the liberal press he is an authentic hero without blemish. Senator George McGovern, *Playboy* Magazine, and Dick Cavett combined to constitute him a military expert and oracle almost overnight. To a large part of the Army officer corps, and to the general staff as a body, he is an odious figure, a foul ball, a braggart, and a bully, fit only for treason, stratagems, and spoils.

Mr. Herbert's journey into the public eye began several years ago in Vietnam when he was yanked from command of an infantry battalion after only two months of playing tag with the Vietcong. His superiors said they relieved him because he was a liar and given to writing fantasy into his operational reports. Months later Mr. Herbert, still in uniform, formally charged that his brigade commander and the deputy ignored and resented his reporting of atrocities and that this was why he got the boot.

Mylai was then a pall over the land and the conviction of one small lieutenant became almost a cause celebre. The Army had to investigate Mr. Herbert's charges and it did so at great cost to the taxpayer. The official finding was that Mr. Herbert had made much ado

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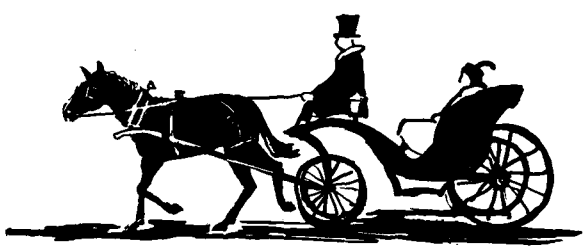
over relatively nothing. But after sustaining Mr. Herbert's bosses, who by the main implication of the case clearly enough had been slandered, the Army's topside did not even spank Mr. Herbert with a powder puff.

The ratty stuff was removed from his file. He was promoted, then permitted to resign and pass into honorable retirement. Then and there he became an authority on the science of war and the art of leading, though his main claim to attention previously had come of his self-billing as the "most decorated enlisted hero" of the Korean police action.

Soldier is the story of Mr. Herbert's life, related with the aid of *New York Times* staffer James T. Wooten. The latter has been a Herbert backer from the word go. But during the association little of the nuances and rhythms of field-soldiering rubbed off on him. When in tandem subject and scribe try to be philosophic about things military, what comes out is usually either painful or comic. That is less to be lamented, however, than the choice of title. *Soldier* is the name that General Matthew B. Ridgway took for his memoir written in 1956. And there, indeed, was a soldier. Two less alike soldiers would be as difficult to find as two less alike books. The writing of one reflects tremendous dignity and self-possession. That of the other reeks with profanity and obscenity.

VULGARITY, if not a way of life with Mr. Herbert, is a conversational crutch. When he recounts dialogue with his superiors, or repeats what he said to



troops, the smut is always present. He lays it on thick elsewhere in his writing. Not that he thinks it cute like a Dumb John recruit. He holds that it is as natural and becoming to soldiering as breathing out and breathing in. To that, I give the Retort McAuliffe. There are officers and NCOs who are also gentlemen.

There is little good or decent about the army that Mr. Herbert describes, that service that he professes to love. Only he and a few of his cronies shine and glow; troops are paltering scrimshankers until they come under his command. The generals are a bunch of bums. Their staff subordinates are spineless lackeys, bootlicking, buck-passing, wholly lacking in principle.

He invidiously compares a group of Vietnam higher commanders with the stalwarts of World War I, whom he did not know, rating the former group has-beens and make-believes. The fact is that with one possible exception the men he ridicules all had more distinguished early fighting careers that any general in World War I.

MR. HERBERT'S particular targets are his immediate superiors who relieved him, General John W. Barnes and Colonel Joseph R. Franklin. The former is portrayed as something of a dolt and ninny, the latter as a screaming meemie, ever going off half-cocked. The wonder is that any two professionals will stand still for the kind of abuse in print they get from this book. Honor would seem to call for more than that.

As for where truth lies in this incident, and the reliability of Mr. Herbert's testament, if his recollection of what happened around Ankhe and Tuyhoa in Vietnam is no better than his recall of experience in Korea, the grading should be zero minus. Having been there at the time, moving through the same scenes with the same outfits, I say that he dilates expansively on things that never happened.

For example, as a member of the 23rd Infantry, on November 26, 1950, he places himself within ten miles of the Yalu, gazing down from a ridge and seeing a human sea of Chinese in the valley. The 23rd didn't get within eighty miles of the Yalu and barely made it to the Chongchon. Until hit and overrun, its soldiers didn't know there were any Chinese present. There are multiple, glaring errors of this kind, such as having Taegu a battle zone when it was the working headquarters of the Eighth Army.

Herbert was forever quoting regulations to his superiors as if they were tablets from Sinai. It must have been irksome. Some soldiers never learn that they are just a general guide to conduct. □

FICTION

The Devil Tree
By Jerzy Kosinski
Harcourt, 208 pp., $6.95
A Woman Named Solitude
By André Schwarz-Bart
Atheneum, 179 pp., $5.95
The Gasp
By Romain Gary
Putnam, 253 pp., $6.95

TWO DISAPPOINTMENTS, ONE DISASTER

RONALD DE FEO

"Lying in bed with her, kissing her, I imagined I could taste and smell the other men on her. After she left, I threw up." This, sadly, is the way Jonathan James Whalen, the independently wealthy protagonist and central voice of Jerzy Kosinski's new novel, reacts not only to a prostitute but to life in general. He finds the whole business pretty sickening (a feeling which, I imagine from having read Mr. Kosinski's other novels, is shared by the author as well). We can't blame Whalen really. Almost every encounter he has seems to be colored by stupidity, madness, perversion, corruption, and violence. We realize that life can be cruel, but can it be *this* cruel?

I'm sorry. Although I've always thought Mr. Kosinski a perceptive, intelligent man and a talented writer, I've never been enthusiastic about his fiction. It's not so much that I reject his dark vision of life, but rather that I cannot accept the vision as it is presented. The worlds he creates (in *Steps* and *The Devil Tree* especially) are too abstract; the violence and cruel sex is introduced too mechanically, as if the author had been programed to produce it. In *The Devil Tree*, Jonathan Whalen, who is searching for his true self, trying to free himself from endless role-playing, records one little nasty incident after another—his sex-crazed girl friend's latest sexual feat, his meeting with the moronic rich, the suicide of a girl he has picked up, transit policemen beating up an old man for no reason. The savage, often implausible, episodes accumulate, Jonathan tries but fails to break from his world or find the man behind the vari-

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: *Population Control: For and Against* suggests that Big Brother in the boudoir is now considered thinkable (Hart, $7.50; paper, $2.45). . . . *The Corrupt Kingdom* is a study of the United Mine Workers by Joseph E. Finley (Simon & Schuster, $8.95). . . . The same publisher offers *The Collected Stories of Bertrand Russell*, compiled and edited by Barry Feinberg ($9.95). . . . *Catholics* is a novel by Brian Moore that British critics greeted warmly (Holt, $4.95). . . . *A Land of Our Own* is Golda Meir's autobiography (Putnam, $6.95). . . . Philip Larkin edits *The Oxford Book of the Twentieth-Century English Verse* ($12.50). . . . Peter Quennell portrays *Samuel Johnson, His Friends and Enemies* (McGraw-Hill, $12.95). . . . *Spellbound in Darkness* is an illustrated history of the silent film by George C. Pratt (N.Y. Graphic, $22.50; paper, $8.95).

Hostages of Colditz by Giles Romilly and Michael Alexander is a book about VIP prisoners of the Germans in World War II (Praeger, $7.95). . . . *Hadley: The First Mrs. Hemingway* is by Elizabeth Hunt Sokoloff, with help from the subject (Dodd, $6.95). . . . *Dorothy Thompson* is a biography by Marion K. Sanders (Houghton, $10). . . . Hugh Thomas' *Europe* is a pitch to fellow Britons on the virtues of EEC (Harper, $7.95).

■ OUT NEXT MONTH: For Farrar: a collection of Edmund Wilson essays, *The Devils and Canon Barham* ($7.95); Wilfrid Sheed's new novel, *Miracle Cure* ($6.95); and a collection of Moravia's stories, *Bought and Sold* ($6.95). . . . *The Call Girls* is Arthur Koestler's first novel since 1951 (Random, $5.95). . . . Maybe there's somebody who'll pay $29.95 to see if he made Earl Blackwell's *Celebrity Register* (Simon & Schuster). . . . Communism has nothing to fear when Prince Sihanouk confides his "memoirs" to Wilfred Burchett in *My War with the CIA*. If you see an unfavorable review in anything to the left of *Reader's Digest*, frame it (Pantheon, $7.95). . . . For $60, N.Y. Graphic Society will sell you *The World Bibliography of Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson* by Ronald de Waal.

New Directions offers 66 pieces by Ezra Pound in *Selected Prose: 1909-1965* ($15). . . . Henry Cabot Lodge calls his memoirs *The Storm Has Many Eyes* (Norton, $7.50). . . . *Speak to Me, Dance with Me* is the autobiography of choreographer Agnes de Mille (Little, Brown, $8.95). . . . *NR* contributor John Braine's newest novel, *Queen of a Distant Country*, is about the liaison of a young writer and an aging sexual adventuress (Coward, $6.95). . . . From the same house, a voice from the past: Emmet John Hughes is still obsessed with *The Living Presidency* ($7.95). . . . Harper's Magazine Press is sure to get major reviews on *Arthur Bremer's Diary* ($6.95).

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ous masks, and he drifts into madness. And we couldn't care less.

Whalen is merely a disembodied voice, a monotonous, limited one at that (why he believes he is playing so many roles, I don't know—he seems to be acting the bore throughout). We do appreciate the crisp, clean prose of the book, and the fractured narrative scheme is diverting for a while—at least it "appears" to be interesting and inventive. But eventually the intellectualized pornography, the shallowness and pseudo-toughness of the entire performance get to us, and when an episode begins, "Karen was surprised by all the articles on masturbation in 'liberalized' newspapers and magazines . . ." we are moved to laughter—not, I suspect, Mr. Kosinski's intention.

READERS who admired André Schwarz-Bart's popular 1959 novel, *The Last of the Just*, will, I'm afraid, be quite disappointed with his latest effort, *A Woman Named Solitude*, which, by combining fact with fable, traces the unfortunate history of a beautiful eighteenth-century mulatto slave. In his lengthy prelude to the tale, the author focuses on Solitude's mother—life and ritual in her West African village, her eventual enslavement and shipment to the New World. The rest of the story is devoted to Solitude's life on the French island of Guadeloupe, where as a slave she suffers abuse and humiliation but somehow manages to retain her dignity. She enjoys several years of freedom, leading a band of rebel slaves, but she is finally captured by the French and executed.

Schwarz-Bart relates his story with a great deal of care and taste—for which, I suppose, we should commend him. But often we feel that too much care and taste were exercised here. We understand that the author wishes his story to "sound" like a myth, but prose deliberately produced for the ages can sound awfully stiff. It sometimes seems more mannered than pure (Schwarz-Bart is obviously trying to achieve a noble, timeless quality): "Her smile was like a light breeze on the sea, pushing a ripple before it, scarcely more than a wrinkle on her soul." And the horrors of slavery are usually recorded with so much finesse and tact that they seem more poetic and beautiful than disgusting. Unfortunately, even the natives' speech has been touched by the poet: "Look . . . the diamond that was in her heart is glittering on her face"; "My womb is honored to bear the seed of such a tree as yours."

Although it is difficult to sympathize with people who constantly talk this way, I would have granted the author artistic license and would have accepted his natives had he at least been able to bring them to life. But all the significant characters, including Solitude (more a symbol than a human being), remain thin, cardboard cutouts, uncomfortably reminiscent of your typical B-grade movie Africans. We may be moved by their situation, but that is quite different from being moved by them. What the author has written is a sketch for a novel rather than the full, dense, genuine article, and a painfully misguided, repetitious, and, finally, dull sketch it is.

ALTHOUGH the Kosinski and Schwarz-Bart books are unsatisfying, they look like works of genius next to Romain Gary's *The Gasp*. Perhaps I am being slightly unfair here. M. Gary's novel does not pretend to be a serious work of literature, so we should not judge it as such. But it is supposed to be an entertainment, and on that level it fails miserably.

The author wishes us to believe that scientists have discovered a way to harness the force rising "from within us at the moment of physiological death"—in other words, the energy from our souls. At one point, a monsignor at the Vatican watches in amazement as a soul-powered, ping-pong-like ball (a "gasper"), intended for the Pope's consideration, bounces regularly and tirelessly across a room. After such a scene, the reader expects a feeble little fantastic comedy to develop. But what actually does develop is a feeble little doomsday thriller.

Incredibly, Gary begins to take the stupid business somewhat seriously—various concerned individuals debate the moral and religious implications of the discovery; the major powers strug-

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gle to stop the leading soul-energy expert from disintegrating the gasp, which will result in total spiritual disintegration. If I seem vague about the "scientific" process involved here, it's only because I couldn't quite make head or tail of it. All I knew was that everyone feared the "overpull" of the gasper, for the gadget, they claimed, might feed on the souls of *living* beings —it needed soul food, I guess.

Gary's prose is colorless, his style and plotting crude and old-fashioned. He never once makes us believe in the great threat to the world that so many of his characters fear. And his dialogue is deadly. In one scene, the girl friend of the great gasper scientist cries out: "I am in love with a man who's made a gadget out of our Christian soul. Please let me speak to somebody who cares." Now this woman has a problem. □

Harry S. Truman
By Margaret Truman
Morrow, 602 pp., $10.95

GOOD OLD HARRY

KEVIN PHILLIPS

Nothing in Margaret Truman Daniel's style or prose augurs well for any book she might choose to write about Jonathan L. Seagull. But Mrs. Daniel is writing about her father, and the importance of the volume lies in present-day interest in Harry S. Truman.

Quite apart from the attention focused by his recent death, Truman's philosophy, politics, and career have become increasingly relevant as indices of a Middle American spunk and culture that the Democratic Party can no longer muster—and that the national GOP cannot quite grasp through the plastic aura of White House receptions for farmers, hardhats, and Lithuanian-American Elks. There are a lot of people in America, politically betwixt and between, who still call themselves "Truman Democrats."

Mrs. Daniel's book is not the venture into insidership that some had hoped, and there is little point in reading it for exposés. It is the work of an admiring daughter who tries to—and does—put her father's best foot forward. My own regret is that the book does not include more of Truman's gut sociology and campaign calumny. Cultural candor was an important key to his political success, and daughter Margaret, as the wife of a genteel *New York Times*man, is understandably reticent about his juicier comments and namecalling.

Sam Lubell, in *The Future of American Politics*, tells how Truman, whose favorite uncle was a Confederate veteran, didn't want to support the 1938 anti-lynching bill: "All my sympathies are with you," he told Southern senators, "but the Negro vote in Kansas City and St. Louis is too important." As for our World War II Russian allies, Truman thought that the best U.S. policy was to let the Nazis and Soviets kill each other off. In 1948, when Henry Wallace's left-wing crusade swung into high gear, Truman told a wildly cheering St. Patrick's Day crowd, "I don't want the support of Henry Wallace and his Communists."

Good old Harry. He thought unity was a slogan for Eastern establishment phonies, and he campaigned with a style that polarized. Some years ago former Truman aide Jules Abels wrote a book entitled *Out of the Jaws of Victory* in which he quoted a number of Truman's "Give 'Em Hell" speeches. For example, HST charged the GOP with being "bloodsuckers with offices in Wall Street" who "treat the South and West like colonies." Largely ignoring this kind of quotation, Mrs. Daniel never quite succeeds in capturing the essence of her father's political appeal. And in a similar vein, she spends too much time trying to clean up his relationship with Kansas City Boss Tom Pendergast. She notes that before Truman agreed to run in the 1934 senatorial primary, he got Boss Pendergast to commit that he would have 98 per cent support from the county organization. Come primary day, he did a little better, *almost 99 per cent*—137,529 votes for Truman, 1,525 for his opponent, enough for a hairbreadth statewide victory. Obviously, HST knew what he was asking for: crooked Jackson County votes.

Here again, the omissions in Mrs. Daniel's book can be covered elsewhere. Maurice Milligan, the U.S. Attorney who brought Pendergast to heel for Kansas City's massive vote frauds (including those Truman relied upon), described these efforts in a 1948 book, *Missouri Waltz*. By minimizing Truman's involvement with Pendergast Mrs. Daniel downplays an essential element of his political style: He was honest (unlike most other Pendergastites) in the sense that he personally steered clear of payoffs and corruption. If he was involved with political machine vote fraud, so what? The last three Democrats elected to the White House all relied on vote fraud in some pivotal election (HST in 1934, LBJ in the 1948 Senate primary, JFK in 1960). One can surmise that oldline Democrat "Joe Sixpack" not only doesn't care about vote fraud, but sees a certain anti-establishment *chutzpah* in it.

A FACT IS a fact. Truman was put in the Senate in 1934 by fifty thousand of Tom Pendergast's Jackson County floaters, gravestones, and ghost voters. And HST must have known that Pendergast maintained this invisible army partly with the help of profits from the wildest chain of speakeasies and bordellos this side of Place Pigalle. The problem the Democratic Party has today is that it has too few Confederate soldiers' nephews weaned on saloon politics and stolen votes and too many sanctimonious New Politicians whose updated brand of political thievery rests on packing party caucuses and conventions with the overflow of a hundred campus anti-war rallies, marijuana pits, and Gay Liberation bars.

God only knows what Truman would have thought if he could have attended the Miami Beach Convention that nominated George McGovern. After all, Truman could muster some incisive descriptions of elitist liberals. Mrs. Daniel quotes an HST description of William O. Douglas that warms the cockles of my heart:

> He belongs to that crowd of Tommy Corcoran, Harold Ickes, Claude Pepper crackpots whose word is worth less than Jimmy Roosevelt's. I hope he has a more honorable political outlook. No professional liberal is intellectually honest. That's a real indictment but as true as the Ten Commandments.

Truman was about as fashionable as Mail Pouch Chewing Tobacco, and that —together with his fighting underdog nature—was the secret of his appeal to

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Middle America. It is too bad Mrs. Daniel doesn't do it justice. Somebody should. Truman touched all the bases: Border State ambiguity toward civil rights (tough-minded legal antidiscrimination efforts coupled with an obvious cultural reluctance); gut anti-Communism; camaraderie with big-city machine politics and Irish Catholic bosses and manipulators like Tom Pendergast and Bob Hannegan; fierce support for the farms and small towns of America against Wall Street and big business; and disdain for bluenoses, professional liberals, moralizers, and elitist reformers. It all came naturally to him because he *was* the Middle American small-town merchant, the 33rd degree Mason, the proud member of the neighborhood VFW.

Since Truman, no President has tied it all together, and for many Americans, their last comfortable political identification is "Truman Democrat." He was the last President to represent the old Democratic coalition of South, West, and Catholic blue-collar North. We have the family reminiscences. Now we need a good political biography putting Truman in his historical context. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

A CHILDHOOD IN PRISON, *by Pyotr Yakir; introduction by Robert Conquest (Coward, 150 pp., $5.95).* A bit of nostalgia about the good old days in the Great Socialist Motherland. When Stalin launched his purge of the Red Army in 1937, General Ion Yakir was among the first shot. With its accustomed thoroughness, the NKVD broke up his family. Pyotr, then age 14, began a five-year odyssey through camps and prisons. Because he liked to ride horseback, he was accused of trying to form a band of "anarchist cavalry." One NKVD man found the boy's coin collection: "Foreign currency"! Another found a little pen-knife: "An offensive weapon"! Eventually, Pyotr was sentenced to five years under Article 58 of the Penal Code, for being a "socially dangerous element." As the son of his father, he was eligible for "member of a traitor's family"; other unfortunates were put away for five, ten, twenty years for "anti-Soviet agitation," "counterrevolutionary activity" ("Trotskyite" or "Bukharinite," depending), "complicity in espionage" and so on and on. One day, all persons of Persian birth in the city of Astrakhan were hauled in; another, all the men who had worked on the Chinese Eastern Railway, with their wives and children—tens of thousands of families—got five to ten for "complicity in espionage." Pyotr served out his term and was released in 1942; since the Khrushchev thaw he has spoken out repeatedly against Stalinism and other excesses of the regime. Last June 21, he was arrested for "anti-Soviet activity." C. H. SIMONDS

EARS OF THE JUNGLE, *by Pierre Boulle (Vanguard, 224 pp., $6.95).* Pierre Boulle, I'm afraid, is still in orbit. We whistled and cheered him across *The Bridge over the River Kwai.* But then he took off for the *Planet of the Apes,* and he hasn't been the same since blastoff. *Ears of the Jungle* is the best since *Kwai,* but Boulle is still a long way from splashdown. The "Ears" of the title are tiny sensors, disguised as foliage, dropped by American planes into the Vietnamese jungles. These sensors pick up every jungle sound, from cricket croak to tiger belch. And when they pick up the sound of a North Vietnamese convoy rolling down the Ho Chi Minh Trail computers call in air strikes. But a North Vietnamese Dragon Lady commissar works out a way to outwit the sensors, and the result is jungle comedy in which bumbling missionary-minded insensitive Americans stumble through a series of computerized pratfalls toward an explosive conclusion. I don't hold it against Boulle for being unable to draw a believable American. I couldn't draw a believable Frenchman. And I can forgive his anti-Americanism. The French, after all, are nursing a hell of an inferiority complex about Indochina. And I'm not even offended by the semilove story which proves that that twain still can't meet. But the science-fictionalist hokum does bother me. If Boulle expects ever again to regain his stature as a serious novelist, he'd better eschew that Apishness and prepare for splashdown soon. J. R. COYNE JR.

YOUNG PHILIP SIDNEY 1572-1577, *by James M. Osborn (Yale, 565 pp., $25).* It is a pity that its price places this book so securely out of the reach of all but the most enthusiastic private buyer. One could wish that the combination of Mr. Osborn's judicious narrative and the letters of the young Baron de Sidenay's far-spaced correspondents might be read by all of those who believe that the ages from 17 to 22 are properly taken up by endeavors no more important than the digestion of multiversity pabulum or indigestion and rioting in the streets. Granted that Philip Sidney was son of the Lord Deputy (i.e., Viceroy) of Ireland, grandson of the Regent of England, nephew of the ill-fated Protestant Queen Jane, and to many the last best hope to command a great League of Protestant Europe, it is nonetheless salutary to see him treating and being treated on terms of equality with the princes and scholars of that Europe before he reached 21. It is salutary not only because it can be a lesson that ability knows no age, but also and particularly because it can be a lesson that we who in our democratic world have substituted advancement by seniority for advancement by birth have not by any means done so entirely to our enrichment. The letters, by the way, are most of them in Mr. Osborn's collection at Yale: He is one of the last as well as one of the finest of our gentleman scholar-collectors.
J. C. LOBDELL

ELEPHANTS CAN REMEMBER, *by Agatha Christie (Dodd, Mead, 243 pp., $6.95).* "Did her mother kill her father or was it the father who killed the mother?" Mystery-writer Ariadne Oliver is asked this question in reference to an unpleasantness of twelve years before. In consultation with Hercule Poirot, she gathers enough information from her "elephants" (some people are like elephants, they don't forget) for M. Poirot to come up with the answer. Miss Christie has at last subdued Poirot—he doesn't once mention his "little grey cells"—and has created an enjoyable, though hardly impenetrable mystery. P. C. SIMONDS

THE PIN-UP: A MODEST HISTORY, *by Mark Gabor (Universe, 271 pp., $15.95).* No one who went through World War Two can regard that picture of Betty Grable's backside, first seen on the cover of *Movie Story* in 1942, with anything but acute nostalgia. Rita Hayworth and Ann Sheridan then got plastered on the fuselage of bombers. Jane Russell, and the bosom business, only got going around 1946. But the PTA's all here—"September Morn," the Gibson Girl, Joan Crawford, Alexis Smith, Esther Williams, Ava Gardner, Lena Horne, Gloria Grahame, Lana Turner (one palpitating picture from *Pic,* the most pawed-about periodical in North Africa of the Forties). As a confirmed Times Square browser might put it, *Où sont les neiges d'antan?* (My own *Parade of Pleasure* of 1954 reproduces, I see, a shot of Norma Jean Baker, alias Marilyn Monroe.) Mr. Gabor's "history" is a lavish book on a genuine American topic. Most of the comment is unworthy of it, and the more hirsute undress at the back of the book has nothing to do with pin-up, a public art. "Fetish Themes" in 1972 when high heels for *men* are advertised in the *New York Times*? Being 1972, too, the book has to come foreworded by a Grundy of NOW for whom the whole thing is rape or sadomasochism or something. Sad. There is much to understand in these touching memorabilia of our times. G. WAGNER

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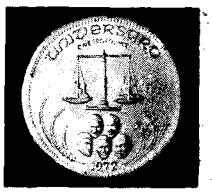
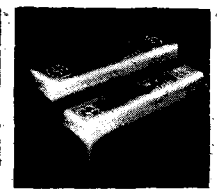

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 291)

posedly a combatant. You even subsume children into the class of combatants: "Today's schoolboy is tomorrow's jungle fighter" (as if it were characteristic only of modern warfare that the youth of a country are potential soldiers). This has the horrible consequence of justifying us in employing violence against the children and infants of an enemy country in the same way as we would against its soldiers and tanks. I can hardly believe that you mean this, but this is what the editorial implies.

JOHN CROSBY
Assistant Professor of Philosophy
Irving, Tex. University of Dallas

The editorial carried no such implication as Professor Crosby attributes to it. It pointed out that many of the traditional moral distinctions applied to warfare may be "no longer relevant to all of the varied forms of modern warfare, or, what would amount to the same thing, so difficult to apply in practice as to be next to useless." It further noted that "those who invoke [the traditional distinctions] often seem mere sophists and rhetors, maneuvering for transitory political effect among ethical ambiguities that have not yet been resolved." Surely, on the record of the public discussion of the Vietnam war, Professor Crosby will not disagree with either proposition, which together summarize the editorial's content. —ED.

Halberstam's Conversion

In his review of David Halberstam's *The Best and the Brightest* [Feb. 16], Frank Trager quotes the author as recalling that in the "fall of 1963" he came to the conclusion that U.S. involvement in Vietnam "was doomed and that we were on the wrong side of history."

Curious. *Very* curious—for in *The Making of a Quagmire*, published in 1965, Halberstam wrote as follows about the possibility of American withdrawal from the war:

"Few Americans who have served in Vietnam can stomach this idea. It means that those Vietnamese who committed themselves fully to the United States will suffer the most under a Communist government, while we lucky few with blue passports retire unharmed; it means a drab, lifeless, and controlled society for a people who deserve better. Withdrawal also means that the United States' prestige will be lowered throughout the world, and it means that the pressure of Communism on the rest of Southeast Asia will intensify. Lastly, withdrawal means that throughout the world the enemies of the West will be encouraged to try insurgencies like the one in Vietnam. Just as our commitment in Korea in 1950 has served to discourage overt Communist border crossings ever since, an anti-Communist victory in Vietnam would serve to discourage so-called wars of liberation."

That passage appears on page 315. On page 319 Halberstam describes Vietnam as "a strategic country in a key area . . . perhaps one of only five or six nations in the world that is [sic] truly vital to U.S. interests."

Apart from the fact that Halberstam clearly underestimated the number of nations that are vital to U.S. interests, the views he expressed in 1965 seem to be rather sensible. He must have thrown in his lot with the intellectual Left considerably later than he now likes to think.

KENNETH H. W. HILBORN
Chairman of Graduate Studies in History
University of Western Ontario
London, Ont.

WFB: Damyankee?

I write in response to Mr. James L. Paulk ["Letters," Feb. 2], who chides William Buckley for "unfortunate Republican tendencies," which Mr. Paulk contends cloud "his understanding of Southern politics."

The November elections have given a very clear indication that the Republican Party's Southern strategy is not only alive but succeeding. The victories of such conservative Republicans as William Scott in Virginia, Jesse Helms in North Carolina, Trent Lott in Mississippi, and David Treen in Louisiana cannot easily be dismissed as flukes.

Mr. Buckley, it cannot be denied, is indeed a Yankee and may be well off the mark in imagining George Wallace ever embracing the GOP, but Mr. Paulk's analysis of politics down here is grossly superficial: "The poor taste of the national Democratic Party, however, is hardly reason for Southerners to abandon the only party which has real roots in our realm." The real roots of the South are hardly those of party politics, but (see Richard Weaver's *The Southern Tradition at Bay*) rather of a particular legacy of principle, honor, and virtue.

The Democratic standard no longer serves and Jeffersonian Democracy is finding an increasingly comfortable home in the modern conservatism of the Republican Party.

Charlottesville, Va. JOHN S. BUCKLEY

My personal thanks to Mr. James E. Paulk, who responded so succinctly to Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s column, "Whither Wallace." A native fourth-generation Alabama Democrat, I seethed inwardly at Mr. Buckley's Yankee political asininity, though lacking Mr. Paulk's gift for replying suitably. I would like to add that Governor Wallace has made and will continue to make a solid impact on the fragmented Democratic Party in the South, and on the smug GOP nationally. Governor Wallace is, in my estimation, the last of an "endangered species"—real statesmen—on the current political scene.

Weirsdale, Fla. MRS. BURTON E. EVANS

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lishments or on an autonomous basis, the Department would run courses on the whole range of revolutionary war techniques and on appropriate countermeasures.

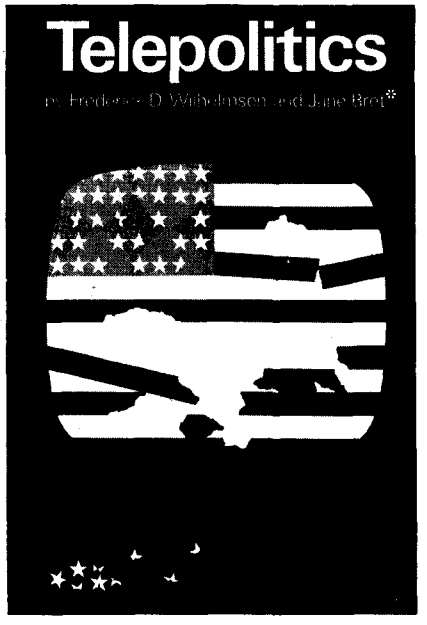
It would be desirable for similar departments to be set up in each member country of existing Western alliances: in particular, NATO, CENTO, and SEATO. Each alliance would have its own Department of Irregular Warfare, composed of personnel seconded from the respective national departments. The terms of reference of the alliances should be re-examined, and if necessary renegotiated, to allow each alliance to respond to appeals for help from any country, *whether or not a member of the appropriate alliance*, that felt itself threatened by subversion, terrorism, or guerrilla war with political intent. Whether or not assistance would be granted would, of course, depend on prevailing circumstances and would require a unanimous decision of the relevant alliance. If a decision to help were taken, an appropriate response would be to dispatch a team of advisers from the Department of Irregular Warfare to the threatened country.

If the necessary organization had existed, it would have been open to the Turkish government, for instance, to appeal either to CENTO or to NATO for advice or help when internal security was threatened in 1971 by the terrorist activities of the Dec Genc ("Revolutionary Youth") movement. Equally Mrs. Bandaranaike could have turned to SEATO for help when her government was threatened by Ceylonese student revolutionaries last spring. In practice, of course, neutralist states might well prefer to turn to individual governments rather than to the alliances they have denounced so often. But this does not affect the argument in favor of creating Departments of Irregular Warfare.

A study of recent international history suggests to me the additional need for an improvement in the machinery for politico-economic decision-making within the Atlantic Alliance; and perhaps within the enlarged EEC.

On several occasions during the past 17 years, negative Western responses to Third World appeals for economic aid have brought strategic consequences unfavorable to Western interests as a whole. The most striking instances are perhaps those of Egypt and Tanzania. Frustrated in his search for Western arms suppliers, the late President Nasser turned to the Russians in 1955. A year later, publicly humiliated by John Foster Dulles, who had abruptly withdrawn an American offer to help finance the proposed high dam at Aswan, Nasser nationalized the Suez Canal Company. I am concerned here less with the immediate consequence—the Anglo-French expedition—than with the delayed outcome: the rapid transformation of Egypt into a Soviet naval-military base and client-state. (The argument is unaffected by President Sadat's decision in July to request the departure of the Soviet advisers.)

The Tanzanian example is in some respects similar. President Nyerere of Tanzania turned to Peking for aid in the construction of the Tanzania-Zambia (Tanzam) railway only after drawing a blank with the World Bank, the Sears Report of the United Nations, the Soviet government, and the Maxwell Stamp Survey (undertaken for an Anglo-Canadian consortium). A major consequence of Nyerere's decision, however, has been the transformation of Tanzania into the main Chinese subversive center in Africa. →



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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[John W.] McNulty:

State Tax Incentives.

A majority of the states now offer some sort of tax incentive for the development of pollution control facilities. . . . In some states a narrow interpretation has hampered the law from being an effective instrument in helping the war on pollution.

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The process had already begun before the negotiating of the Tanzam railway agreement in 1967 since Chinese instructors in guerrilla warfare were already at work on camps in Tanzania. But the agreement opened the country to long-term Chinese involvement, and gave Peking the chance to send more than 13,000 soldiers of the People's Liberation Army to Tanzania, with arms separately delivered, to work as "coolies" and "technicians" on the construction of the railway. Bearing in mind the scale of the small wars in Southern Africa, these working troops constitute a real factor in the power situation.

The point is, however: Could the Egyptian and Tanzanian situations have been avoided? In 1956, the World Bank's offer of a loan to finance the first stage of the Aswan Dam was made on economic grounds, but was conditional on American and British offers of grants, which were bound to be made or withheld on political grounds. The governing decision was thus political, as it ought to have been; and the only trouble is that the wrong decision was taken. In the Tanzam case, the World Bank and the UN mission had recommended against the project on economic grounds, and the Maxwell Stamp Survey in 1964 had made a more optimistic assessment of potential benefits; but in the end no major Western government felt strongly enough about it to encourage private enterprise to go ahead. It was less a case of an adverse political decision than of no decision at all.

It does not, of course, follow that any major request for development aid should automatically be granted lest the contract go to a Communist country. What concerns me is that there should be no machinery within the alliances for consultation on the political and strategic consequences of major economic schemes. I am persuaded that if the system of alliances created during the late 1940s and the 1950s is to conserve vitality and relevance—if, in other words, it is to serve the needs of security—much new thinking on the issues discussed here is needed. □

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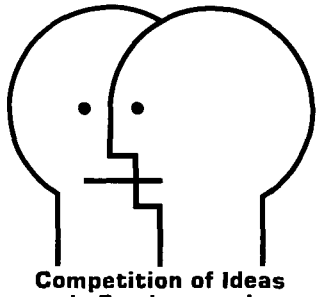

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

The Shield Laws

Gstaad, March 1—Dr. Frank Stanton of CBS has delivered a speech in which he confesses to having slightly altered his opinion about the rights of newsmen. Last October, he says, CBS appeared before Congress to urge enactment of a "shield" statute that would grant specific protections to newsmen. "At that time," said Dr. Stanton, "we did not advocate an absolute, unqualified news privilege. We took the position that there might be extreme conditions under which a court would be justified in compelling the revelation of information or the source of it."

But no grass grows under CBS' feet. "We have since reconsidered that position," said Dr. Stanton. "We now believe it necessary to enact legislation to create an absolute newsman's privilege, which should apply not only to the Federal Government, but to the states, regardless of present shield laws or lack of them."

CONCERNING the controversy, a few observations:

1. It is hard to believe that CBS really desires an absolute protection for newsmen of the kind so categorically affirmed in the resolute prose of Dr. Stanton. Let us dwell on one or two contingencies:

Johnny Olds has been kidnaped. The kidnapper calls a reporter on the *Daily Eagle*. K tells R that unless he promises not to reveal any information given him except that much which is authorized for use in the public media, he will clam up. R agrees, and relays only in the press K's terms: amnesty for the Harlem Eleven, or whoever. Occasionally, K lets Johnny Olds himself come to the telephone, and Johnny begs R to beg the community to spare his life. Does CBS want a law that prevents the police from requiring the reporter to answer such questions as might lead them to the kidnaper?

Again: A reporter is summoned and told in confidence that if he looks in the trunk of a certain Oldsmobile tomorrow morning, there he will find the mortal remains of Carlo Buono, the notorious capo of the East Side. But—understand—you are not to divulge from whom you got the information, not even that you got it from a leader of the rival family. The hit will be done shortly after midnight, and it will be made to appear that the killer was Buono's own bodyguard. A trial takes place, and Buono's bodyguard summons the reporter to the stand. Do I understand Dr. Stanton to be saying that he should not be interrogated?

2. The absolutization of any protection under the Constitution results in the diminution of another protection, as Sidney Hook pointed out in his book *The Paradoxes of Freedom*. What is needed is not an "absolute" privilege, but the making of some distinctions. It is relevant that there are those who already have warned that distinctions will need to be made if the absolute law is passed, and that those distinctions might then be overweening. For instance, who exactly is and who isn't a newspaperman, or a reporter, or free-lance television or radio consultant? Nobody much cares nowadays because the distinctions don't mean very much. But they will mean a great deal when particular privileges are invoked. I can hear it now: "Your honor, Mr. I. F. Stone may pose as a reporter. As a matter of fact, all he is is a polemicist for the Left: Congress could never have meant to extend to him the immunities intended for objective newspapermen." Such distinctions as these are malevolent. But others are not. The kind of questions that can be asked ought to be defined, to fall short, for instance, of the wide-ranging questions asked of Professor Popkin at Harvard last fall. That is the direction the shield laws should take. And then finally,

3. Surely CBS' emphasis, viewed quite pragmatically, is askew. There is very little suffering going on these days as a result of importunate grand juries going after newspapermen. But there was very nearly a great deal of suffering last fall when CBS was ordered struck by the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists. But what laws has CBS proposed to guard the public from strikes so clearly violative of the spirit of the First Amendment? Dr. Stanton spoke out in order to "protect a basic principle. In this case it is the public's right to a free flow of information." That flow is not seriously interrupted these days by the government, though as always we need to keep our eyes on the government—that enemy of all well-disposed, decent, and industrious men as Mencken put it; but it is time and again choked off, as in New York City three times in seven years, by labor unions exercising powers altogether incompatible with that Amendment to the Constitution beloved of Frank Stanton, and me. □

THE SEARCH GOES ON

Gstaad, Feb. 27—In the past few weeks, the search of airline passengers and their handbags has become institutionalized. It is now quite general and, one gathers, quite well accepted, like the queues in wartime London. I think this a pity.

A correspondent, Mr. John Brown of Berkeley Heights, New Jersey, writes to insist that the searches are unconstitutional. I think that highly unlikely. Anyone desiring to visit the offices of the Supreme Court of the United States, lawyers included, is required to submit to a search, including a search of briefcase. Presumably if it were clearly unconstitutional to do this, someone would have taken the easy access to the justices of the Supreme Court who make the rules governing the use of their own building, to make the point. I think the justices would say that the real point is you don't have to visit the building, if not-being-searched is your principal objective.

And we all know that on returning from a trip abroad, a search of one's luggage is routine and, so far as one knows, has not been questioned as constitutionally unreasonable. Once again, one needn't travel abroad, as one need not board an airplane.

But Mr. Brown's extra-constitutional objections strike one as sound. Is the search *plausible*?

During the last year, domestic airlines boarded 170 million passengers. It isn't known with precision how many hijackings there were—a couple of dozen. But in order to avoid contest, let us assume there were several times that many. For mathematical conveni-

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ence, let us put the figure at 170. That is, one per million boardings.

"Eastern Airlines," writes Mr. Brown, "just to pick an example, schedules approximately a thousand seats from Washington to Newark every day. If every seat is filled, that's 300,000 boarding passengers a year. At one skyjacker per million boarders, guards would have to search every passenger at the gate for three years before they could expect to see one skyjacker. That's if they were 100 per cent efficient, which they are not. If they are, say, 10 per cent efficient, they will have to search every passenger for thirty years to encounter one skyjacker!" (The logic here is slightly deficient, because of course the hijacker might be discovered on the very first flight.)

And even those figures are not reassuring, says Mr. Brown. "Ten per cent is a generous estimate. I have been through approximately a score of search lines in the past year, including the 'tough' ones in Newark, Chicago, and Washington. They have often been intrusive and annoying, but not one of them has been good enough to have detected a weapon if I had had one."

Concerning the latter point, we simply do not know—perhaps the airline companies have detection machines more sophisticated than Mr. Brown supposes. But it is true, as he says, that one needn't carry guns in order to skyjack. "According to newspaper reports, skyjacking has been done with no more weapon than a Coca-Cola bottle full of colored water . . ."

The factor of human inconvenience and humiliation, combined with the statistics, would appear thoroughly to discredit the personal search. Possibly an exception would be the highly nubile routes, which carry a heavy incidence of terrorist-attracted people. Flights in and out of the Middle East would be an example. But flights from Washington to Newark are surely altogether susceptible to Mr. Brown's analysis, and the danger is precisely that the bureaucratic mind should fall into the habit of personal search without a sensible justification for it.

This does not imply that other means of deterring skyjackers should not be pursued. Mr. Brown's suggestions sound at first blush a little wild, but they are worth meditating. "We might start by putting the monkey on the miscreant instead of on the unoffending passenger. Put those guards on the planes, not concealed but in full uniform and armed to the teeth. That's what they do in bank lobbies; they don't search the customers. Better still, arm the stewardesses. An outlaw might try to face down a professional guard, but even the nuttiest skyjacker would surely hesitate at the thought of challenging five armed women." And of course there are the fringe benefits—armed stewardesses could dispose of other problems. Surely it would be worth an experiment. The airlines could, to begin with, reduce their categorical approach to mere spot-checking; as we keep our eyes on the figures. A little resentment by passengers is clearly overdue. □

MR. REID'S BILL

Gstaad, Feb. 24—Mr. Ogden Reid, a Democratic Congressman from New York, has introduced a bill which seeks to revise the relationship between the Executive and the Legislature, and I am all for it. The axis of the recommended mechanisms is a new congressional agency which Mr. Reid proposes to call the "Office of Budget and Expenditure Oversight," a name which suffers from periphrastic elephantiasis, but an agency whose function is altogether wholesome.

What it proposes is that a continuing arm of Congress, with greater powers than the General Accounting Office, superintend the use by the Executive of funds appropriated by the Congress for any particular purpose. And if in the opinion of the agency such funds are being misused, or not used at all, why then by concurrent resolution of the Congress, the money can be taken from the Executive. Moreover—and very important—the agency would have the power "to force the Executive to provide Congress with any information that is necessary and proper to the discharge of the constitutional responsibilities" of Congress.

The general idea is so good, conservative writers thought of it and proposed it in the late Fifties in NATIONAL REVIEW, in March 1958. There is no reason for American conservatives to fail to support a legislative proposal merely because its provenance is liberal. It was after all James Burnham, a learned and thoughtful conservative strategist, who wrote *Congress and the American Tradition*, carefully charting the usurpations of power by the Executive over a generation, done needless to say to the elated applause of liberal intellectuals.

Mr. Reid is himself too young to have played much of a role in applauding Franklin Delano Roosevelt's domestication of Congress. But he was for many years silent when Truman, and Eisenhower, and Kennedy were doing the same kind of thing. Now he speaks of the need to restore balance, to "recover the constitutional powers that have been usurped by the Executive." To return "to an earlier concept of three separate and coequal branches." "The Constitution did not envisage," he says, a "President with the power to make and enlarge war without congressional mandate." "It did not envisage" —Mr. Reid now repeats the phrases anaphorically, in the style of the Declaration of Independence, as he recites executive abuses.

Now the problem with organic reforms of this nature is that they tend to appear to be polemically inspired. During the Thirties, for instance, the conservatives were well pleased with the Supreme Court because it rudely interrupted, time and again, FDR's programs. FDR tried to pack the Court, failed, but in due course the Court became extraordinarily activist and was forever making policy, at least as alien to what the Constitution envisaged as anything the Executive has recently done. But because the Court's decisions harmonized for the most part with liberal ideology, the Court was no more censured than it had been by conservatives in the early Thirties.

IT WOULD BE a refreshing frank of Mr. Reid's sincerity if he were to introduce a companion piece of legislation showing that he is able to transcend factional opportunism. He might, for instance, give a speech in which he remarks that the Supreme Court is forever being proclaimed as the guardian designed by the Founding Fathers to see to the enforcement of the Bill of Rights, which is mostly invoked by defendants in criminal cases. The difficulty with this theory is that the Founding Fathers gave convicted criminal defendants no right of appeal to the Supreme Court whatsoever. That was done by Congress, a hundred years later, and the criminal process is substantially in chaos as a result. The Constitution surely did not envisage that the Supreme Court would decide just the moment when life comes to the human fetus, or under just what circumstances a school bus is the instrument of a child's constitutional rights.

Moreover, the Founding Fathers made it very easy to restore the balance—by specifying in Article III that the Supreme Court should have "appellate jurisdiction, both as to Law and Fact, with such Exceptions and under such Regulations as the Congress shall make."

Congressman Reid has a fine opportunity to show his genuine interest in what he calls coequal government by amending his bill protesting a swollen Executive, to protest a swollen Judiciary. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A type of desk — 47 58 76 88 118 119 136

B. A false conception — 63 33 51 95

C. One of the United States of Mexico — 84 102 130 166 113 81 174 139 186

D. A guffaw — 110 147 108 115 126 180 90 59 98 145

E. A tree — 149 16 85

F. A wordy person might also be this — 164 20 159 138 176

G. A descent toward an inferior state — 92 86 19 10 60 114 163 154 111

H. Detestable — 156 68 61 87 150 39 103 21 1

I. Senator who was elected to John C. Calhoun's seat when latter died — 28 36 44 53 57

J. A usually nocturnal insect — 135 42 34 2

K. A city on Lake Ontario — 137 52 62 105 128 35

L. An expression a man in Copenhagen might use in a pinch — 171 13 40 123 89 56 116 132 185

M. To meditate on something — 55 160 106 72 65 151 162

N. Where the egg-collector was sent — 71 66 43 80

O. English dramatist (1652-1685) — 11 26 45 74 4

P. Corporeal — 120 96 175 177 6 125 155

Q. Where paintings are exhibited — 179 133 82 168 161 46 24

R. Drew in by breathing — 187 140 169 7 181 25 67

S. One of the popes — 8 37 18 75 41 54 70 77 91 109 142

T. Has rent on this been frozen? — 117 144 9 134 170

U. This capital sounds like a newly-opened food store — 122 97 73 48 158 188 148 29

V. Where a losing horse player might live — 131 178 183 124 112 30 78 93 167

W. Ineffectual — 69 15 99 31 107 49 79

X. Became morally corrupt — 104 94 173 184 32 127

Y. A defensive play in baseball — 14 50 83 143 100 172

Z. A small semiaquatic salamander — 182 129 101 165

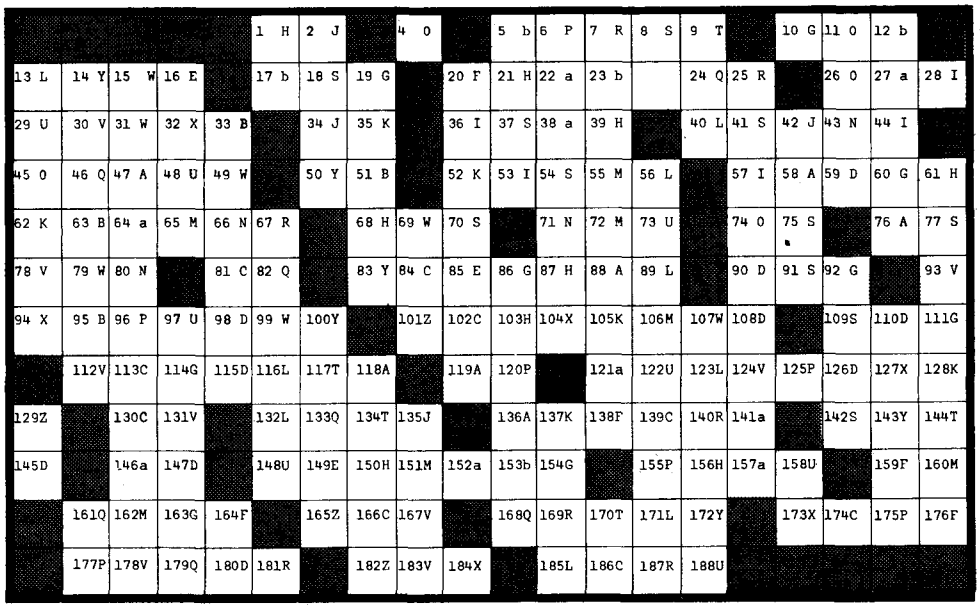
a. A means of classroom communication — 22 27 38 64 121 146 152 157 141

b. Vashti's successor — 3 5 12 17 23 153

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 328 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.



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